

Ford at His Best and Worst *John Osborne*

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—April 10, 1976, 60 cents

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APR 8 1976

## Money Changers

*Tad Szulc*

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KEN BODE

Why Moynihan Isn't  
CARL GERSHMAN

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## Blacks and Whites

Before midsummer the Supreme Court may toss one of its own bombshells into the presidential race. It may bring America's biggest skeleton out of the closet, the growing polarization of the black central cities and the white suburbs; the trend the Kerner Report noted in 1968: "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal."

The pending case, *Hills v. Gautreaux*, has been batted like a tennis ball back and forth between judges for 10 years. The unresolved issue is a kind of sublimation of the dispute over schools and busing, and deals with non-subsidized housing; there would be no need for school busing, of course, if races were intermingled in the same community. In 1966, Mrs. Dorothy Gautreaux, since deceased, and five other black residents of Chicago's South Side brought suit against the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) and the Chicago Housing Authority, charging that they were consciously perpetuating racial discrimination by locating federal subsidized housing units in black neighborhoods. A district court found that in 16 years (1950-1966) the federal government spent nearly \$350 million on such projects "in a manner which perpetuated a racially discriminatory housing system in Chicago."

The wrongs are virtually admitted; the issue is what's to be done about it. Can the courts act? The case came to the US Court of Appeals for the seventh circuit in Chicago, whose 1974 decision was written by retired Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark, sitting by designation in the hearing. Anyone reading the record, Clark wrote angrily, "quickly discovers a callousness on the part of the

appellees towards the rights of the black, underprivileged citizens of Chicago that is beyond comprehension." Nor is it just Chicago, he said. "White flight has brought on the same condition in most of our metropolitan cities. . . It is the most serious domestic problem facing America today." He added, "We must not sentence our poor, our underprivileged, our minorities to the jobless slums of the ghettos and thereby forever trap them in the vicious cycle of poverty which can only lead them to lives of crime and violence."

Justice Clark knew the case would be appealed to his old alma mater, the Supreme Court, and he thought the justices there should order the local and federal governments to right the situation. The Burger court has in fact accepted the case and heard arguments last January. Decision could come any day now, probably early this summer—perhaps just before the Democratic convention in New York, July 12.

Those intervening for plaintiffs include the League of Women Voters, the Notre Dame Center for Civil Rights, the NAACP and also the National Education Association, which hopes the case could help bring desegregation "to minority group children locked in inner city schools."

The case has explosive potential for altering traditional black-white city housing patterns, but before that it must jump another hurdle. While *Gautreaux* was pending in lower courts the Supreme Court, 5 to 4, decided the precedent-setting Detroit school case, July, 1974 (*Milliken v. Bradley*). Yes, it said, there are unconstitutional discriminations in Detroit against black children but no, it said, this cannot be remedied by combining the white suburbs with the black central city. The remedy must be local, it said, not metropolitan; in legal language it ruled that you can't involve the suburbs in the problems of the congested inner ghettos; problems that, it ruled, the suburbs hadn't created or, at any rate, weren't responsible for as a matter of law. And so the wise judges closed their eyes to the fact that becomes more obvious every year, the departure of affluent residents from the aging center cities, and of business and industry as well. Whites are emigrating and jobs are, too. "Increasingly, centers of employment are being located in suburban and outlying parts of metropolitan areas," says one of the briefs in the case entered

by the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing. "These jobs, many of which could be filled by relatively unskilled persons, are virtually inaccessible to the central city, where low-income minorities are overwhelmingly confined." The Committee supports the lower court (Clark) ruling.

All four Nixon appointees to the Supreme Court voted the same way, not to throw a judicial lifeline to the kids in the Detroit central city. Nixon wanted conservative, strict-constructionist judges who wouldn't go around trying to reform social ills and he found them, even including Haynsworth and Carswell, who weren't confirmed. His four appointees are the most important continuing institutional Nixon legacy. The fifth man in the majority was Potter Stewart, appointed by Eisenhower, who is often the swing man between conservatives and liberals. There has been only one change in the court since then, moderate John Paul Stevens, named in December by Mr. Ford, to replace liberal William O. Douglas. His views are unknown.

The *Gautreaux* case hinges on whether the court now applies the narrow approach to housing that it did to schools. It is instructive to see how old hand Tom Clark cagily tailored his lower court opinion, urgently pleading for judicial intervention in the housing mess, to the predilections of the high court where he sat 18 years. He took particular aim at swing man Potter Stewart. The latter joined the Nixon Four but wrote a concurrent opinion substantially milder. He stressed the long tradition of local control over schools as an argument against judicial intervention and Clark did this, too, noting that public housing has no such tradition. He said at one point, "Justice Stewart's view is pivotal because his vote makes a majority when added to any of the other opinions."

In a dull election the Supreme Court could bring debate down to earth. The Kerner Commission report warned, "The nation is rapidly moving toward two increasingly separate Americas. Within two decades, this division could be so deep that it would be almost impossible to unite."

Eight years of those two decades have passed and the clock ticks on. By action or inaction the Supreme Court might force reluctant candidates to discuss the issue.

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#### Contents

- 5 Comment  
A Hole In the Bucket
- 7 Unmessing The Post Office  
—Paul Simon
- 8 White House Watch: Ups and Downs  
—John Osborne
- 10 The Money Changer—Tad Szulc
- 13 Why Carter's Big  
With Blacks—Ken Bode
- 15 The New Republic Votes
- 16 The Case of April Wright—  
Ken Bode & Philip Terzian
- 17 A Bum Rap?—Carl Gershman
- 20 Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
- 21 Doctorow's Dissertation—John Seelye
- 23 Books—Reviews by Robert Conquest,  
James Walt, Marie Syrkin, Kevin Starr,  
Peter Shaw, Elizabeth Pochocka
- 32 The Back of the Book—Roger Rosenblatt
- 33 Correspondence

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## A Hole In the Bucket

What part of the federal budget is already as big as the defense budget and grows faster than all other types of federal spending combined? The answer: tax breaks. The idea that money drained from the Treasury in uncollected taxes—technically called “tax expenditures”—can be budgeted like any other expense is one that fiscal planners have just developed in the last few years. It's still imprecise; it lacks refinement, the experts say. But it's useful nonetheless. For the first time, this year the presidential and congressional budgets will treat tax expenditures along with appropriations for defense, health, education and other federal programs in an attempt to give a complete picture of US fiscal trends. This bit of innovation, drab though it may seem, could have a profound effect on the future of the tax code. It will dramatize a couple of points that reformers often make: one, that Congress has quietly given out dozens of tax favors over the years without considering the cost, and two, that these benefits have proliferated so much that now they threaten to undermine the regular budget.

Sen. Edward Kennedy, in an analysis presented to the Senate Budget Committee on March 16, pointed out that in fiscal 1977 the loss of federal revenue through tax giveaways will be as large as the entire appropriation for defense—\$101 billion. In the last decade, he said, direct federal spending has increased 146 percent while tax expenditures have grown 176 percent. Tax expenditures now amount to one quarter of the total federal budget.

The Senate Budget Committee has printed a 166-page “compendium” of tax expenditures describing in layman's terms the justification and the cost of each of the benefits Congress has approved. The list is by no means lopsided in favor of the wealthy, though of course to take advantage of the best items you must be an oil driller, timber king, a rancher or tycoon. But there are also benefits for the blind, for homeowners over 65, for users of day care and even tax credits for the working poor. The reformers do not want to abolish tax breaks. Rather they hope to convince Congress that it has an obligation to review this list each year just as it reviews appropriations, and to weed out programs that have failed or become unmanageable.

Leaders of this campaign in the Senate,—Kennedy, Ernest Hollings (D, SC), Floyd Haskell (D, Colo.) and William Hathaway (D, Maine)—

would like to make this a bipartisan cause. In theory, conservatives should be just as eager to cut back the wild growth of tax benefits as to cut the welfare budget. But they aren't. Any campaign to clean up the tax code is bound to deprive some powerful corporation or interest group of a cherished loophole, and those who are protected by the code, though they may be enemies on other matters, form a united front when their precious benefits come under attack. Republicans often end up defending these interests simply because they are entrenched. However, the greatest impediment to change in this Congress is not a Republican but a conservative Democrat.

The tax reform bill that passed the House in December cannot go farther this year without some help from Sen. Russell Long (D, La.), chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Long's authority derives not only from his position as chief of one of the most influential committees in Congress, but also from his role as defender of the status quo, a job he manages with great skill. Long is not against giving out tax breaks to the non-rich. In fact he wrote and promoted the "earned income credit" of 1975, an amendment that compensates low income workers with tax credits roughly equal to the amount they pay in Social Security tax. (A family with children can actually collect a cash bonus from the government of up to \$400 if the breadwinner pays Social Security tax but no income tax.) However, Long does object to activists who try to trim and clip away at the garden of special favors he watches over. There's always the danger that one of these pruning parties might get out of hand and actually do some damage.

This year, because Congress will vote on a "tax expenditure budget" for the first time, reformers believe they have an excellent chance to break into Russell Long's garden. The House Budget Committee has already voted to trim tax losses by two billion dollars, meaning that it expects the House to write a reform bill even stronger than the one it passed last year. The latter (HR 10612) would cut Treasury losses by only \$1.2 billion. Sen. Kennedy has also asked the Senate Budget Committee to seek tax reforms worth two billion dollars, and at the same time he introduced a strong proposal of his own that would clip tax losses by about seven billion dollars. Congress cut the defense budget by six billion dollars last year, Kennedy says, so it should be able to manage a modest two-billion-dollar tax reform.

Meanwhile Russell Long is moving in the opposite direction. He not only objects to cutbacks, but proposes that US tax losses be *expanded* by three billion dollars this year. This isn't as odd as it might seem at first glance. The chairman of the Armed Services Committee never asks for a cut in military spending, so why should the chairman of tax breaks ask for a diminution of his empire? Incidentally, the real extremist in these

matters is President Ford; he proposed to increase tax expenditures by \$10 billion this year.

The stage is set for a fight between Long and the revisionists, the first round of which is scheduled to take place as this is written. A sign that this is one of the heavier fights of the spring season is that Sen. Walter Mondale (D, Minn.) will not lead the campaign. Kennedy will. As a senior liberal on Long's Finance Committee and chairman of a task force on tax policy in the Budget Committee, Mondale would seem the logical spokesman for reform. But his aide Brad Ferguson said last week, as voting was about to begin in the Budget Committee, that Mondale would play a passive role. According to Ferguson, Mondale wasn't sure he would support Kennedy's two billion dollar cut. In explanation he said Mondale thought tax battles should be fought in the proper place—the Finance Committee.

Sen. Edmund Muskie (D, Maine), chairman of the Budget Committee and another logical choice to lead a tax reform, also finds himself stepping gingerly around Sen. Long. Muskie's authority is similar to Long's because his committee sets numerical goals, including tax revenue goals, for the entire federal budget. In 1975 he had to quell revolts by some uncooperative committeemen; he's not eager to stir up new antagonism this year. The real test of the new system came last fall when the Budget Committee rejected the defense appropriation drafted by the Armed Services Committee. In a piece of skillful timing that balanced a liberal cause with a conservative one, the food stamp budget of the nutrition committee was rejected at the same time. Both had run over the limit. Now Muskie is being asked to impose similar discipline on the Finance Committee. Last November when Sen. Kennedy made an early move in this direction he was stopped short. His amendment to reduce tax expenditures by \$200 million was beaten on the floor. Long opposed it, and so did Muskie. The reason they gave: it was too late in the year for tax reform. Kennedy is trying again this spring, and this time he may get further, particularly if Muskie comes to his side. An aide on Muskie's staff could not say whether his boss would vote for the Kennedy proposal, but he guessed the Budget Committee would adopt a middle range goal—between one and two billion dollars in tax reforms.

The new revenue to be collected by Kennedy's scheme would be taken from corporations and taxpayers in the upper income brackets. Kennedy has offered seven billion dollars in reforms, urged that a minimum of five billion be passed this year and set two billion dollars as a rock-bottom goal. Congress will find it hard to achieve even the last of these. What changes is it resisting? Probably the largest single reform threatened this year is the abolition of a tax break given to domestic international sales corporations, or DISCs. The DISC law was passed in 1971 to subsidize companies that export American goods. It permits

export firms—usually subsidiaries of big companies—to escape taxes on half their profits. The Senate Budget Committee's analysis of this law says, "According to several studies, the overall impact of DISC in stimulating exports has been small in comparison to annual revenue lost. US exports have increased dramatically since the DISC provisions were added, but the increase is said to be due to the devaluation of the dollar, worldwide inflation and a stable US share of expanding worldwide trade." In 1973 the IRS found that 72 percent of DISC benefits were paid to corporations with assets of more than \$250 million, companies that would probably export goods without the tax incentive. The IRS also found that 44 percent of DISC benefits went to only 28 companies. In terms of uncollected taxes, this program costs the Treasury more than one billion dollars a year. The House bill would reduce the loss by one-half; Kennedy would end it.

Kennedy would also strengthen the House reforms dealing with tax shelters and the minimum tax. The minimum tax, passed in 1969 to ensure that clever tax dodgers would have to make at least a symbolic payment to the Treasury, would be raised from 10 percent to 14 percent. Kennedy, taking the reform a step further, would apply the minimum tax to corporations as well as to individuals. He proposed to do the same in applying stricter tax shelter standards—the most complicated part of the law—to corporations as well as individuals. The Kennedy bill attacks the lenient treatment of capital gains, intangible drilling costs, deferral of taxes, foreign tax credits and many similar benefits. Any broad cleanup of this kind is bound to raise an army of opponents, as this bill has. But Kennedy believes that when the tax breaks come up individually for review, congressmen will find it difficult to defend them. He feels it is much more difficult to justify the wasteful DISC handout, for example, than it is to defend the purchase of a B-1 bomber. And the B-1 was defeated.

## Unmessing The Post Office

The managers of the US Postal Service publicly maintain that service is better than ever, but privately most of them admit to reality: rates are higher, service is worse. What is less clear is what should be done about the mail mess. Next January—whether there is a Democratic or Republican administration—major changes are likely to occur. The mood in Congress reflects public feelings of frustration. Whether change will result in improvement depends on how the anger and irritation are channeled.

Postmaster General Benjamin F. Bailar spoke to the Economic Club of Detroit on March 8 to initiate a "far-reaching public dialogue," but his speech brimmed with problems—further cuts in service and increases in rates—and no solutions. He said that the mail volume dropped in 1975, and he expected the drop in the use of the mails to continue in the years ahead. He tactfully avoided mentioning what the Postal Service board of governors discussed at their last meeting: three-day-a-week delivery service.

The subcommittee on postal service, chaired by James Hanley (D, NY), is holding hearings now that may spell out the course of congressional action. Technically these hearings are to consider the fate of the Postal Rate Commission, one agency involved in Postal Service decision-making, but the hearings are expected to develop a considerably broader look at where we are and where we might go. Another subcommittee with Postal Service responsibilities, headed by Charles Wilson, (D, Calif.) is also expected to study the present postal structure. Members of Congress want more oversight; there is strong reaction against subsidizing the post office when the money seems to buy worse service and higher rates. If a simple plan were brought to a vote to return to the old Post Office Department, and abandon the current bureaucracy, the old system would win by a big margin.

Congress cannot, however, turn back the clock for, in just a few years, too much has happened—in personnel policies, in mechanization, in mail routing, in electronic message technology, and in mailing habits—that makes talk about reverting to "the old days" unrealistic. But major changes will be necessary. There ought to be a new attitude and a new structure. The new attitude should be to improve service as much as possible. The railroads have gone through the same sort of deterioration the post office has. As deficits grew, service was cut; as the service diminished, deficits grew. The cycle will not be broken in the postal field by further reductions in service. The reverse must take place. Officials will have to realize that they are not running a can company, but an agency vital to the free flow of ideas. They must understand that whatever discourages people from communicating ideas—whether in letters, magazines, newspapers or books—is a detriment to the functioning of a free society.

The new structure should eliminate the board of governors, and have a postmaster general appointed by the President. The board members are paid \$10,000 a year plus \$300 a day for attending meetings. The system looks good on paper, but right now the postmaster general and general counsel Louis Cox run the shop. The board of governors is window dressing. The postal budget should be approved by Congress, and authority to issue bonds to take care of indebtedness should be withdrawn from the Postal Service. These changes would help to unclog the administrative arteries of the Postal Service, so that postmasters and

postal employees in the remotest corner of the nation will feel their ideas can reach the top. An impersonal suggestion box and the US mails now provide the only access to decision-makers. The former relatively free flow of ideas within the system currently is clotted, and a partial paralysis of management is a result.

*Postal policies must be integrated with national policies.* With eight million people unemployed, we pay welfare and unemployment compensation because, through lack of imagination and lack of compassion, we have found no useful alternatives. If we dusted off and modified old WPA plans of the '30s we would be an infinitely richer society. As a stopgap, we should include the Postal Service as a beneficiary in public jobs programs. Why should the postmaster general be talking of cutting out Saturday service in a nation with high unemployment? Or be talking about three-day-a-week deliveries? There are many jobless men and women who would welcome the chance to work a few hours on Saturday, or provide an extra mail run to a nearby community, or make one extra pickup a day from corner mailboxes to the main post office facility.

Considered in isolation, the costs of improving postal service are high, but when considered as an alternative to already high costs of welfare and unemployment compensation, the fiscal outlay might be negligible! If the Postal Service continues to be looked upon as an entity apart from the rest of national policy, then almost insurmountable fiscal problems lie ahead.

Take another example of this failure to integrate policy: the small post offices. The Postal Service has closed more than 600 small facilities in the last two years and there is talk of closing another 12,000. From a strictly economic standpoint that can be justified, though if dollars and cents are all that concern us, we might as well close all post offices.

There is a general agreement among social commentators that the trend toward urbanization should be arrested, and there are at least some tentative indications that in the United States this pattern of the past three-quarters of a century may be changing. If it is desirable as a part of national policy to encourage the development of small communities, is it wise public policy to close small post offices? In most of those communities the only federal facility is the post office. The federal government is already regarded as a distant monster to many rural people. Taking away the only direct contact with the federal government in a community makes that government appear even more remote. Pulling out these small post offices—aside from being unsound postal policy—is also bad public relations for the federal government.

*Post Office real estate should be used more effectively.* A thorough analysis of postal facilities would show that other federal, state and local agencies can use rented office space. If an army recruiter, for example, uses a spot once a month, a small fee should be charged to the army. The result of proper real estate management will

be both better use of a government facility and a more realistic picture of the costs of postal operations.

Part of utilizing facilities more effectively should include experimentation with shifting employee hours so that one or two windows in the larger post offices can be open somewhat earlier and later. J.C. Penney and Sears have learned that profits improve when a concern takes greater advantage of its real estate investment; their big new stores are not 9 to 5 operations. The Postal Service has made only a minimal acknowledgment of this reality. Small post offices, where as few as two people work, sometimes close at lunchtime rather than have the personnel alternate hours. The high command of the Postal Service appears to operate on the assumption that there is a relatively fixed demand for stamps and services no matter what the hours, the service and the rates. A statistical analysis of postal receipts does not support that assumption.

*A limited experiment should permit the private sector to deliver mail, too.* Again this year amendments were offered on the House floor to permit private companies to deliver first-class mail in competition with the Postal Service. The Postal Service opposes that because of the danger that private competitors would skim off the profitable business, deepening the indebtedness of the Postal Service even further. A bill I will introduce would permit the postmaster general to designate six geographical areas (approximating a county in size) where an experiment could take place. After permitting private delivery of first class mail in these areas for two years, we could look at the results.

None of my suggestions will eliminate the need for subsidy. But unless Congress sees service improving and complaints diminishing, there will be a great reluctance to provide the necessary financial support. Postal excellence is an achievable goal.

**Paul Simon**

*Mr. Simon is a member of Congress from the Illinois 24th district.*

## White House Watch

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### Ups and Downs

Here we are again on the road with Gerald Ford, observing him at his best and at his worst as he campaigns for nomination and election.

Some of the reporters who travel with the President rate his appearance at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, for a short speech and a question-answer session with students his best public performance since he succeeded Richard Nixon. The audience was

friendly, alert, responsive. Mr. Ford dealt briskly and knowledgeably with questions on subjects ranging from anti-trust policy to civil rights for homosexuals, investment tax credits for business, and the Nixon pardon. He said he was agin monopolies and for stimulative tax credits. The President on "civil rights for gay people": "I recognize that this is a very new and serious problem in our society. I have always tried to be an understanding person as far as people are concerned who are different from myself. That doesn't mean that I agree with or would concur in what is done by them or their position in society. I think this is a problem we have to face up to, and I can't give you a pat answer tonight." On whether he would "state unequivocally that there was no deal . . . in regard to resignation and subsequent pardon of former President Nixon:" "There was no deal made in any way whatsoever. Categorical-ly, no . . . It was a decision made by me alone. Nobody else had any responsibility and I'll take the full responsibility for the consequences, good or bad."

**I**n Illinois and elsewhere, the President had his ups and downs and some of the downs were mighty low. A Bradley student told him that the Air Force was closing its ROTC program at the university in 1977 and asked him how he justified this after Bradley had "for the past 27 years, through thick and thin, supplied the Air Force with highly qualified personnel." Mr. Ford replied: "Based on what you told me, I'm disgusted with the action of the United States Air Force. Quite frankly, it's incomprehensible, and we will do our darndest to rectify the error." The hall erupted with cheers. It turned out that Bradley had fallen below the required minimum number of ROTC entrants for two straight years and under established standards had thereby disqualified itself. A month afterward, the Ford staff was still wrestling with the problem of whether the President or an underling should sign a letter to the university admitting his mistake. At Rantoul, Illinois, near the Air Force's Chanute Field, the President bumbled at a political reception: "And speaking of Chanute Field, we've got an outstanding Secretary of Defense in Don Rumsfeld who comes from the great state of Illinois, and I think Don ought to come down here and take a look at it." The implication was that Chanute was among the military installations about to be closed for economy and that the President was telling his Secretary of Defense not to close it. Cheers again, and again a contrary fact. There was no thought of closing Chanute Field.

On the second of two Ford trips to North Carolina, just before the primary that Ronald Reagan won against all expectations including his own, Mr. Ford seemed to this reporter and to some White House and campaign assistants to be lax, smug, letting down. Reagan's victory and the President's loss shocked Gerald Ford and his advisers. They reconciled them-

selves to the prospect that Reagan on the strength of that first primary win for him will be contesting the Republican nomination right down to the Kansas City convention. But the event that caused the most discussion and the biggest flap at the White House was not the outcome of the primary. It was a speech that Mr. Ford made in Charlotte to the North Carolina convention of the Future Home Makers of America. I along with practically everybody else in the travelling press corps, male and female, laughed and wise-cracked when the President said: "I regret to say that some people in this country have disparaged and demeaned the role of the home maker. I say—and say it with emphasis and conviction—that home making is good for America. I say that home making is not out of date and I reject strongly such accusations. Every American who chooses to be a home maker can take pride in a fine, fine vocation. You should never be embarrassed to say anywhere on the face of the earth, 'I am an American home maker and I am proud of it'."

Robert Orben, a senior Ford speech writer and editor whose specialty is supposed to be writing for the ear rather than the eye, was dismayed and astounded when he was told later that the travelling vultures of the press corps translated home maker into baby-maker. White House critics of the President's speech operation—and they include such ranking officials as chief economist Alan Greenspan and budget director James Lynn—seized upon the Charlotte speech as evidence that Mr. Ford should dump his veteran assistant and chief speech editor, Robert Hartmann, and most of the Hartmann-Orben staff. Whether this sentiment was expressed directly to Mr. Ford is doubtful; he does not welcome confrontations of a kind that would force him to choose between keeping or discarding his old friend Bob Hartmann, who in any case was vacationing in Hawaii when the home maker speech was written. A newspaper story about the flap had more impact than the speech itself, suggesting as it did that a drastic reorganization of the speech operation was required and imminent. It may be required but it is not imminent. Richard Cheney, the White House staff chief who is automatically presumed to be behind any move to move in upon Bob Hartmann, is too wise a bird to attempt such a thing. Cheney's resident idea man and philosopher, David Gergen, occasionally submits drafts of important speeches and reviews some of the Hartmann-Orben drafts before they go to Mr. Ford. Gergen plays it coolly, though. He understands as others in the President's vicinity do that Mr. Ford is occasionally dissatisfied but—as the best authority on the subject next to the President said to me—"basically satisfied" with what he's getting and emitting.

What the President emits is not invariably and necessarily confined to what he gets. And of course it is he, not his speech writers and editors, who must bear the responsibility for what he says and for the way he says it. Consider, for example, the Betty bit that he

twice played during the second of two days in California and Wisconsin. A story reprinted in the San Francisco *Examiner* had the forthcoming Woodward-Bernstein book, *The Final Days*, reporting that Richard and Pat Nixon had no sexual relations during the 14 years preceding the resignation. At Fresno, addressing the state Republican committee, Mr. Ford said he'd like to stay the night "but Betty wants me to get home tonight." At a La Crosse, Wisconsin rally that evening, the President said that "when you get a welcome like this the temptation is to stay maybe overnight, but on the way from California to here [after leaving Fresno] I called Betty and she said—I hope she meant it—that she wanted me home tonight." The audience laughed. I didn't.

During a question-answer session following his rally speech, the President handled several tough questions with impressive dash and conviction. A slender young man who was trembling with rage and emotion put it to Mr. Ford that "Congress finally ended a slaughter in Vietnam and now you want to get us involved in a similar situation in Angola." After the President said the effort to supply anti-Soviet and anti-Cuban Angolan factions with weapons involved no American

military commitment, the young man retorted: "Yes, Mr. Ford, but weapons kill people." The President, tense and obviously aroused, stared over the crowd at his questioner and replied, "What do you think the Cuban 12,000 mercenaries did to other Angolans?" Mr. Ford had the better of that exchange, I thought. He didn't come off so well in a protracted monologue derived from and expanding upon a draft that his writers had prepared. He first struck the note in San Francisco when he said "the United States by any standard is number one, and we are going to keep it there." He said and said and said it in La Crosse: "I am sick and tired of hearing people who are always running down America. I am proud of America and I am proud to be an American . . . I happen to believe, as we look at the total, America is number one. We are number one . . . We have the greatest science and technology capability in the history of mankind. Our military capability is second to none, but there is one thing that is even more important than all of that. America is morally and spiritually number one and that will be the force to keep us moving so that America, and all its people, its government, will be number one forever."

Stop scaring me that way, Mr. President.

**John Osborne**

## Curious Customers of Deak & Co.

# The Money Changer

by Tad Szulc

Most of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's secret payments to agents in Japan and to Japanese government figures between 1969 and 1975 were transmitted by Deak & Co., a New York-based firm of international currency dealers that has for many years also served as a covert channel for worldwide financial operations of the Central Intelligence Agency.

That Deak was used by Lockheed in its Japanese dealings is shown in documents in the hands of the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations and the Securities Exchange Commission. Deak's involvement with the CIA is a matter of guarded knowledge in Washington's intelligence community. Therefore it is more than likely that the CIA was aware all along of Lockheed's secret activities in Japan, including the payments of millions of dollars in "fees" and "marketing commissions" to the leader of an

extreme right-wing Japanese political faction and still unidentified senior Japanese government officials. According to well placed American sources familiar with the ongoing investigations of these links, the CIA may have even orchestrated much of Lockheed's financial operations in Japan pursuant to covert US foreign policy objectives. This, then, may be what investigators have called the "missing link" in the wider mystery of secret overseas payments by US corporations. Secret foreign payments by American corporations abroad and their political implications are to be investigated by a special cabinet task force headed by Commerce Secretary Elliot L. Richardson. How will the investigation proceed if evidence develops of CIA involvement?

Between June 1969, and January 1975, Lockheed used Deak & Co. to transfer at least \$8,279,894 in 27

separate transactions to Lockheed representatives in Tokyo for the secret payments. Of this amount close to seven million dollars went to Yoshio Kodama, the most powerful Japanese rightist leader, *eminence grise* and maker and breaker of a succession of prime ministers.

**L**ockheed payoffs in Japan relating to sales of commercial and military aircraft added up to \$12.6 million, but some payments—about \$4.3 million—went through other, non-Deak channels. Deak & Co. became Lockheed's hidden transfer agent in June 1969, six months after the aircraft company signed its initial contract with Yoshio Kodama to be its Tokyo "consultant." Deak's first transfer coincided with the signing of an expanded contract between Lockheed and Kodama. And intelligence sources say that Kodama had a working relationship with the CIA from the time he was released from a Japanese prison in 1948 after serving a three-year term as a war criminal.

Deak & Co., which occasionally handled Lockheed funds through its offices in Geneva and Basel as well as through Hong Kong and Los Angeles, was founded shortly after World War II by Hungarian-born Nicholas Deak, a wartime employee of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in the Far East. He is not believed to have joined the CIA after OSS was disbanded, but, according to intelligence sources, he has continued to have close personal ties with senior agency personnel. Having built his company into one of the leading United States foreign-currency dealer firms, Deak is said to have performed various covert services for the CIA in the last 25 years. With headquarters in New York City (Deak's own home is in Scarsdale), the company operates through some 20 offices in the US and abroad. These include Zurich, Geneva, Vienna, London, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Macao, Honolulu, Guam, San Juan, Washington, DC, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, Vancouver and Toronto. It thus offers an ideal network for what is known in the trade as "discreet" transactions, and, according to reliable sources, the CIA had repeatedly availed itself of Deak's help.

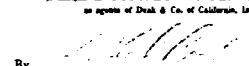
Deak is said, for example, to have handled CIA funds in 1953 when the agency overthrew Iran's Premier Mohammed Mossadeq and restored the Shah to the throne. In that instance, the money went through Zurich and a Deak correspondent office in Beirut. During the Vietnam war, Deak & Co. allegedly moved CIA funds through its Hong Kong office for conversion into piastres in Saigon on the unofficial market. Deak officials in Hong Kong and Macao helped the CIA investigate Far East gold smuggling in the mid-1950s. It has also been suggested that Deak & Co.'s Hong Kong office may have "laundered," with the CIA's knowledge, illegal contributions to the Nixon reelection campaign in 1972 although it is unknown whether Deak & Co. was aware of the precise nature of that operation. As in all secret CIA dealings no documentation is available to prove the reported links between

Deak and the agency.

Lockheed spokesmen refused to discuss with me the company's connections with Deak & Co. They would not say, for instance, whether using Deak had been suggested to Lockheed by anyone in the US government. Lockheed's international payments are currently under investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission; this is one reason, according to the company, that Lockheed refuses to comment on the Deak connection. Nicholas Deak himself refuses to say anything about his company or his own background when asked questions about services performed for Lockheed. A CIA spokesman refused comments, suggesting the CIA would respond to inquiries only if they were made formally under the Freedom of Information Act. Pending that, no denial, no confirmation.

Another element in this complex situation is Lockheed's own traditional relationship with the US intelligence community. The company designed and built the U-2 spy plane—and later the high-flying SR-7—for the CIA. More recently, according to sources, Lockheed has been involved in the production of classified equipment for US intelligence agencies. It appears that the Nixon and Ford administrations, and specifically CIA, may have used Lockheed as a leading edge in the execution of secret American policies in Japan, particularly in support of ultraconservative groups.

Lockheed's internal documents, in the possession of the Senate subcommittee on multinational corporations, state that the company had no knowledge of the ultimate disposition of its payoff funds—including the money paid Kodama. Nevertheless Lockheed was able to provide the SEC with the names of Japanese government officials who received bribes. All these payments, designed to help Lockheed sell aircraft in

|                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 0 0 7 5 7 0 9 0 3 6 9                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                         |
| <b>FOREIGN MONEY TRANSFER RECEIPT</b>                                                                                                                                   |                                                                         |
| No. FX 26237                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                         |
| NON NEGOTIABLE                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                         |
| June 11, 1969                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                         |
| Received from                                                                                                                                                           | Lockheed Aircraft International, Inc.                                   |
|                                                                                                                                                                         | 510 West Sixth Street                                                   |
|                                                                                                                                                                         | Los Angeles, California 90014                                           |
| The Sum of                                                                                                                                                              | Sixtyseven thousand two hundred four & 25/100 Dollars U.S. \$ 67,204.25 |
| For the Transfer of                                                                                                                                                     | Twentyfive million Japanese Yen ¥ 25,000,000.-                          |
| TO                                                                                                                                                                      | J.V. Clutter                                                            |
|                                                                                                                                                                         | Tokyo, Japan                                                            |
|                                                                                                                                                                         | Telephone: 405-6434                                                     |
|                                                                                                                                                                         | Contact before 8:30 AM or after 9:00 PM - Preferably morning.           |
| By <input type="checkbox"/> Air Mail <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Cable                                                                                          | Rate 372 Per Dollar                                                     |
| DEAK & CO. of LOS ANGELES, INC.<br><small>an agent of Deak &amp; Co. of California, Inc.</small>                                                                        |                                                                         |
| Amount of Transfer                                                                                                                                                      | U.S. \$ 67,204.25                                                       |
| Commission & Air Mail Charge                                                                                                                                            | ****                                                                    |
| Special Handling                                                                                                                                                        | ****                                                                    |
| TOTAL RECEIVED                                                                                                                                                          | \$ 67,204.25                                                            |
| By  AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE                                                           |                                                                         |
| <small>This transaction subject to conditions on reverse side.<br/>Keep this receipt, do not send it abroad. All inquiries must be accompanied by this receipt.</small> |                                                                         |
| FILE COPY                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                         |

Japan, appear to have come from the company's sales profits; Lockheed's auditors have found no secret payoff funds, except in one minor instance.

Considering the magnitude of the Lockheed payments—especially since 1969—one suspects that there were CIA refunds to the aircraft manufacturer. As one intelligence source pointed out, "Lockheed, who had been paying fees anyway to the Japanese to sell planes, would have been a perfect channel for the CIA to move funds secretly to people like Kodama." That Deak & Co. was used as a conduit would, of course, make it easier for both Lockheed and the CIA to carry out such an operation.

The US government has made major efforts in recent months—since the first disclosure of the Lockheed payments in Japan—to keep secret the whole shoddy affair. Last December Secretary of State Kissinger wrote the Federal District Court in Washington requesting it to prohibit the SEC from disclosing the names of Japanese government officials who may have received payments from Lockheed funds. Kissinger reportedly acted in response to a request from former Secretary of State William P. Rogers whose law firm represents Lockheed in Washington.

Moreover, there is evidence, according to federal investigators, that as President, Richard Nixon had pressed Kakuei Tanaka, then Japanese prime minister, to favor Lockheed over other US aircraft manufacturers in buying aircraft for Japan. Tanaka, by the way, owed his premiership in a large degree to Kodama's maneuvers on his behalf. The White House reportedly kept Lockheed executives informed of Nixon's interest—both before and after the Nixon-Tanaka meeting in Honolulu on August 30, 1972.

Lockheed's Japanese payments seem to be more than simple corporate bribery (the company has done it in Italy, Turkey and elsewhere).

Was there concealment of collusion between the US government and Lockheed—a company bailed out by \$220 million in loans guaranteed by the government following congressional approval—that would be to the detriment of competing American aircraft manufacturers? Was there collaboration between the US government and a private corporation in effectuating foreign policy and in covert intelligence operations? Does the official secrecy surrounding the Lockheed affair also relate to the need for protecting the CIA's intelligence methods and operational channels, and its involvement with Deak & Co.?

I don't know to what extent Lockheed executives knew about any CIA tie-in in the company's Japanese operations, nor whether Japanese officials, who are said to have been recipients of Kodama's largesse over a six-year period, were aware of all the foreign policy implications and the possibility of a CIA role. Thus far the identity of these officials has been protected by the US government, even though the Ford administration grudgingly agreed last month to make the pertinent

names available to the Japanese government if Tokyo investigations lead to criminal prosecutions. Inasmuch as it is the US government—and not the tottering regime of Prime Minister Takeo Miki—that insists on secrecy, one may conclude that the fear of disclosure is much greater here than in Japan.

Dating to the end of the American occupation of Japan, the US has strongly supported Japan's Liberal-Democratic party, which is for the most part made up of conservative figures and supported by Japanese industrialists. The CIA, according to my sources, had played a major part in helping to create the party and has backed it ever since. In this endeavor, Yoshio Kodama was apparently a major behind-the-scenes operator although his personal political persuasion is far to the right of the prime ministers he helped put in power. The CIA's interest in Kodama was two-fold: as a string-puller in the Liberal-Democratic party and the quiet leader of the extreme rightist elements in Japan. The agency's policy was thus to influence the entire right-of-center spectrum in Japanese politics. But utmost secrecy was essential to protect Japanese conservatives from the leftist opposition.

It is not known how the CIA operated financially in Tokyo prior to Lockheed's arrival on the Japanese scene in 1969, when it started trying to sell Tristar L-1011 jet airliners to local airlines. Earlier, Lockheed had worked through the Los Angeles office of the Marubeni trading company, which acted as its agent for Japan. Marubeni received around two million dollars for its help. On January 15, 1969, however, Lockheed signed the first contract with Kodama, naming him as its Japan agent and "consultant" for the sale of Tristars. On June 1, 1969 the contract was expanded to provide Kodama with consultant fees as well as commissions on sales of planes. In 1973, a new contract added South Korea to Kodama's field of operations. Simultaneously, an amendment added the P-3 Orion naval patrol aircraft to Kodama's marketing responsibilities.

Documents the Senate subcommittee has show that the first receipt signed by Kodama for sums received from Lockheed was on January 9, 1969. The first transfer of Lockheed money through Deak & Co. was on June 11, 1969—for \$67,204. The last known Deak transfer—it was made through a Lockheed bank account in Basel to the order of Deak's Far Eastern chain (Deak operates as a separate company in Asia)—was on January 20, 1975, and the amount was \$163,934.

In most cases, however, Lockheed made the payment to Deak & Co. of Los Angeles, Inc., identified as "Agents of Deak & Co. of California, Inc.," for direct transfer by cable to Deak's Tokyo office. About four million dollars of Lockheed-Deak remittances in 1973 and 1974 went from Los Angeles to Deak's Hong Kong office. Checks were then hand-carried from Hong Kong to Tokyo by a Spanish-born priest named Hose

Aramiya (whose original name was Jose Gardeano). Deak's Tokyo office then delivered the money to a Lockheed representative for disbursement to Kodama and others. In one instance, in 1972, the Swiss Credit Bank advised Lockheed Aircraft Int. A.G. (Lockheed's office in Geneva) that after 14 bearer checks totalling \$1,666,667 drawn against Lockheed's account had been stolen, the bank was stopping payments. But a Deak "foreign money transfer receipt" in 1973 showed that this exact amount had been transferred to Tokyo on Lockheed's instructions. This was the largest single Deak transfer.

The greatest advantage of Lockheed's use of Deak & Co. was that Deak, unlike a commercial bank, is not subject to examination by the US Comptroller of Currency. Large transfers through Lockheed's two principal bankers—Bank of America and Morgan Guaranty Trust—would have caught the attention of bank examiners, and embarrassing questions could be asked by the Treasury, the Internal Revenue Service or the SEC. This was not the case with Deak whose books are not subject to routine examination. Deak did not violate any laws in handling Lockheed funds, but as a Deak official recently told an inquiring client, "we don't broadcast it" when a transfer is made. A customer can be assured of discretion, the Deak official said.

The Lockheed transfers were handled with bizarre instructions. They were usually addressed either to

J.W. Clutter or A.H. Elliott, who were Lockheed's Tokyo representatives. In some cases, instructions on the Deak "transfer receipt" specified, "Call Mr. Clutter in advance of delivery." In the case of a transfer of \$337,837.84, dated January 19, 1971, the instructions were for delivery to "Mr. A.H. Elliott, Okura Hotel, Tokyo, Japan—Deliver on Sunday January 31st—if impossible on Sunday deliver on Saturday on Jan. 30th. Contact Mr. Elliott *ONLY* at hotel."

It is unclear how Deak made a profit on the enormous transactions it handled for Lockheed. Normally, according to Deak officials in Washington, a customer is charged six dollars for a cable transfer from here to Tokyo or Hong Kong regardless of amount. Even though such a charge is nominal, Deak's "transfer receipts" to Lockheed show no charges for commissions or "special handling." Foreign exchange dealers often make a profit through the exchange rate—Lockheed's dollars were delivered as Japanese yen in Tokyo—but Deak officials in Washington say that "we must be competitive" with commercial banks. This, then, is another mystery in the Deak operation.

As far as the Senate subcommittee knows, Deak & Co. appears only in Lockheed's Tokyo transactions. Lockheed's payments elsewhere were handled otherwise. No other US corporation involved in questionable foreign payments is known to have used Deak & Co., despite the special advantages it offers.

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## Why Carter's Big With Blacks

by Ken Bode

In his wrap-up report of the North Carolina primary results, NBC correspondent Tom Pettit called Georgia's Jimmy Carter "the first candidate since Robert Kennedy who can establish rapport with blacks." Carter was the choice of over 90 percent of the blacks who voted that day; two weeks earlier, he got 75 percent of the black vote in Florida. But, Carter's black support is not exclusively a Southern phenomenon. He did better with black voters in Massachusetts than any of his competitors, running ahead in those sections of Boston where black votes are decisive. And in the predominantly black south and west sides of Chicago, where Sargent Shriver, the former director of the poverty program expected to do well, Carter won by

more than two-to-one.

If Jimmy Carter can continue to draw black support in such proportions it could provide a critical margin in upcoming primaries. Pennsylvania, Texas, Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio and a few others are "loophole" states, places where the Democrats' proportional representation rules will not apply and where most delegates will be elected on a winner-take-all basis in state senate or congressional district primaries. They are also states with large black populations, and where black voters are geographically concentrated and overwhelmingly Democratic. In other states delegates will be divided proportionally, but the black vote will remain a major factor in the Democratic primaries,

particularly if it goes to Carter in anything like the numbers he has commanded up to now.

George Wallace is the main reason Jimmy Carter has drawn so strongly among blacks. For the past year, Carter has offered himself as a Southern antidote to Wallace—mainly in non-Southern fundraising circles, but to blacks as well. For Rep. Andrew Young of Georgia, who did not back Carter in either of his gubernatorial races, getting rid of Wallace was fundamental in his decision to announce for Carter for President: "Wallace pulled the whole Democratic party to the right. To get the country moving again, Wallaceism had to be stopped in the South where it started. The defeat of George Wallace may end up being the defeat of overt political racism in America." John Lewis, veteran civil rights activist and now head of the nonpartisan southwide Voter Education Project has deep reservations about Carter's presidential candidacy, but agrees that Wallace has been the major key to his black support: "In Florida and North Carolina," he says, "the black vote was against Wallace, not for Carter. But Carter made Wallace the hallmark of his campaign and now that he has defeated Wallace in the South, the contrast is even more pronounced. Among some blacks he's perceived as a David going against the Goliath of the South."

Another reason Carter is getting the votes of rank and file black Democrats is that state-after-state, he's gone after those votes more effectively than any other candidate. The south Georgia native who stumped as a self-avowed redneck in his 1970 governor's race has proved an effective face-to-face campaigner in black schools and churches, on street corners and in community halls. Carter simply has more black stops on his schedule; "He goes into black communities and he involves black people," says Rep. Yvonne Burke of California, chairperson of the Congressional Black Caucus. Carter gained initial credibility from his support by recognized black leaders, notably Andrew Young, who was closely identified with Martin Luther King and has solid credentials with blacks nationwide. Young's support for Carter was initially "for Florida, against Wallace." Now, because he regards Jackson as unacceptable and, in Young's words, Udall has not established a viable candidacy, his support for Carter is "unconditional, everywhere." Young has not just endorsed Carter; he has actively campaigned for him.

Another prominent black whose support has been useful to Carter is Martin Luther King, Sr., father of the late civil rights leader. In mid-February, the elder King agreed to make a statement for Carter's presidential campaign in which he earnestly endorsed one of his closest friends, one of the finest governors Georgia ever had; he denied that Carter was a liar and a racist, and concluded, ". . . I know what he is and what he stands for. . . I'm with him all the way."

With photos of King, Sr. and Carter added, this endorsement was turned into full page ads to be run in

black community newspapers and handbills for leafletting. It has also been pressed into a 45 rpm record and distributed to black ministers for playing in churches on the Sunday before primaries, and edited into several 60-second radio spots, sent, of course, only to black stations. Black radio—soul stations—is regarded as an extremely effective means of reaching black voters. "Black citizens get proportionally more information by listening than by reading," says Julian Bond. State representative Ben Brown, chairman of the black caucus in the Georgia state assembly and now deputy manager of the Carter campaign says, "I would use 75 percent of all the money allocated to reach black voters to run those radio spots." Most of Wisconsin's black voters are located in Milwaukee, and there Carter's Atlanta-based media buyers decided to run 20 to 30 commercials a week on regular radio stations and 70 a week on soul stations.

Andrew Young offers another explanation of why Jimmy Carter does well with black voters and black politicians. "He's comfortable, at his ease, with blacks," says Young. "It's not just that he was raised poor with poor blacks in rural Georgia, it's also that he was governor of a state with more elected black state representatives than any other, where a third of the electorate is black, and he lived for four years in a city (Atlanta) where he had to deal with the most sophisticated black leadership in the country."

While Carter is on the verge of becoming the candidate of rank and file black Democrats, some black leaders, particularly elected officials, remain skeptical or antagonistic. Says Julian Bond, who was elected to the Georgia Assembly about the time that Carter made his first run for governor and served there throughout his four year term: "Carter is getting the black vote by default, and it's wholly undeserved. There is no ideological reason to be for him; on international issues, he is a subdued Scoop Jackson; on domestic issues that are important to blacks—things like food stamps—I'm convinced he would be punitive and preachy. The black voters have evidently stopped making decisions in terms of racial self-interest. Carter is not being judged in political terms or in civil rights terms. He's simply being perceived as a good person and a Christian."

Bond, John Lewis and Rep. John Conyers of Detroit all attribute Carter's strength among black voters in this presidential year to a failure of black leaders to lead: "The politics of the moment overcomes being black," says Conyers. "We come together and talk, then each do what we want to do. Just like last time when James Farmer of CORE supported Nixon, black leaders will be split every which way this year."

Reservations about Carter among black leaders stem partly from his previous record in public life. It has been widely reported that while in his 1970 Georgia campaign for governor Carter made favorable references to Wallace, staged symbolic appearances at

private white academies, had virtually no support from black leaders and got only about seven percent of the black vote, his inaugural address—where he announced, “the time for racial discrimination is over”—set the tone of his administration. Carter’s appointments of blacks to high government positions increased from three under his predecessor, Lester Maddox, to 53. His government reorganization improved social services to Georgia blacks. And, as one often hears, he managed to get a portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr. hung in the state capitol.

To Georgia black political leaders, some of Carter’s appointments seemed excellent. Others left something to be desired. Carter chose the first black ever to serve on the Pardon and Parole Board—Mamie Reese, the Dean of Women at Albany State College, who had been part of the handpicked Lester Maddox delegation to the 1968 Democratic convention. According to John Lewis, she “gave the women at Albany State who participated in the sit-in movement a very rough time . . . Had another type of black person been chosen,” says Lewis,

“someone free and progressive, with a sense of compassion, that position on the Pardon and Parole Board could have been very meaningful.”

In other ways, black leaders from Georgia, including some who now support his presidential bid, find Jimmy Carter’s civil rights record deficient. In 1972, Carter endorsed a gerrymandered apportionment scheme for the state’s congressional districts that distributed Atlanta’s black population among three districts in a way that all but assured no black candidate could win any of the seats. The law was challenged under the Voting Rights Act and overturned. Carter has also consistently supported—and still does—application of the key Section V of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 to all parts of the country, not, as it is now written, mainly to Southern states. Carter’s position has been shared by most Southern congressmen and opposed by civil rights groups as diluting the act’s effects on the Deep South.

For some, the problems in Carter’s civil rights record are those of omission, not commission. Carter was a

## The New Republic Votes

The *New Republic* polled a random segment of its subscribers when the presidential field was somewhat more heavily populated than it is today. Those who replied—through March 18—included 355 Democrats, 107 Independents and 21 Republicans. Below is a sampling of their views. Democrats and Independents were asked:

*Q. In your opinion, who is the best candidate the party could nominate in 1976? Which Democrat do you think is most likely to be nominated? Are there any potential candidates for whom you feel you could not vote?*

|             | Best<br>Candidate | Likely<br>Nominee | Couldn't<br>Support |
|-------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Udall       | 155               | 30                | 2                   |
| Humphrey    | 77                | 257               | 13                  |
| Bayh        | 33                | 10                | 8                   |
| Harris      | 37                | 0                 | 15                  |
| Kennedy     | 16                | 8                 | 11                  |
| Carter      | 15                | 51                | 85                  |
| Church      | 22                | 0                 | 2                   |
| Jackson     | 11                | 42                | 107                 |
| Wallace     | 0                 | 1                 | 402                 |
| Others &    | 42                | 3                 | 120                 |
| No Response | 64                | 24                |                     |
| Total       | 472               | 426               | 647                 |

Other Democrats mentioned by readers included Edmund Muskie, Eugene McCarthy, Barbara Jordan, George McGovern, Sargent Shriver, Walter Mondale, and John Kenneth Galbraith. Besides Ford and Reagan, among Republicans Secretary of Commerce Elliot Richardson and

Maryland Sen. Charles Mathias were most frequently mentioned.

In the table above there are some interesting findings.

- Rep. Morris Udall is in first place in the “best candidate” category; among those readers who expressed preference for someone else, Udall was also mentioned as second choice more often than any other contender. Yet very few readers felt the Arizona congressman could win the nomination. A large majority of readers picked Hubert Humphrey as the most likely Democratic nominee.
- 90 percent of all readers felt that in the Republican sweepstakes, Gerald Ford would prevail, a view that the primaries have sustained.
- In the weeks when the questionnaires were out, Henry Jackson and Jimmy Carter both emerged as strong contenders for the Democratic nomination. Among *New Republic* readers, however, each drew many more “could not support” mentions than positive, first-choice designations.
- Gov. George Wallace received no votes as “best” nominee. By contrast, 83 percent of all readers picked Wallace as one candidate they “could not support.”
- Asked to designate their preference among potential third-party candidates 62 percent of the readers chose former Sen. Eugene McCarthy, and 23 percent picked Maryland Sen. Charles Mathias. Mathias has since said he wouldn’t run.

state senator from south Georgia from 1962 to 1966, during the height of the civil rights movement. "As an

### The Case of April Wright

Because of his southern background, Jimmy Carter has undergone intense scrutiny on the issue of race, often on the assumption that at one time or another he must have slipped up and betrayed the egalitarian racial principles he now espouses. In this connection, *The New Republic* here reports an interesting sequence of events:

In 1968, the Justice Department was encouraging southern black families to enroll their children in integrated schools. A Justice Department trial attorney, Fletcher Farrington was sent to Sumter County, Georgia to study school integration there. Farrington filed a memorandum with the Civil Rights Division, dated October 20, 1968, saying he had been told that "gubernatorial candidate Jimmy Carter" had informed the parents of black student April Wright, tenants on his property, to remove their daughter from a white school or face eviction.

A few days ago, *TNR* filed a request under the Freedom of Information Act to release the memorandum. Thereupon, Assistant Attorney General Stanley Pottinger verified the memo's substance, acknowledged that no action had been taken on it in 1968, and cautioned that while the original memo is a "completely appropriate" way for field personnel to report allegations, they are often based on hearsay and are not necessarily true. Pottinger also reported that rather than send department officials into the field to reinterview the persons making the original charge, thereby opening new files on the case, in response to *TNR*'s request he had solicited the services of a former government official to make an independent inquiry on which the department would rely. That inquiry is being conducted by Robert Smith, former public relations officer for HEW, and as it happens, a candidate for delegate pledged to Carter in the DC primary. Pottinger expressed the highest confidence in Smith. The inquiry indicates that:

- One of the persons named in the original Farrington memorandum had been contacted and had denied making the allegation attributed to her.
- April Wright's father, Leonard, who still lives on Carter's land, confirms that his daughter returned to a black school, but says that she did so because of harassment by other students. He denies any pressure by Carter.
- On the basis of Smith's preliminary findings, Pottinger said he had no reason to believe the original allegations were true.

**Ken Bode & Philip Terzian**

elected official, he took no leadership in those days to move things forward," says John Lewis. "Where was Jimmy Carter in 1963 when black people were trying to register to vote in Sumter County (Carter's home)?" Andrew Young, who is certainly Carter's strongest supporter out of the civil rights movement, admits his deficiencies in this period. "He had a sense of what the traffic would bear. He is not a crusader," says Young, who still insists that at the time, a person could get himself killed in Sumter County merely for saying the things that Carter did say.

For other black leaders around the country, Carter's shortcomings involve the issues in the current campaign. They fault him for failing to take a firm position on matters of primary concern to black Americans. Carter says that the Civil Rights Act was the best thing that ever happened to his part of the country, but listeners come away uncertain about what he intends to do about the problems of America's inner cities or urban jobs, the two issues isolated by blacks as the most important ones this year.

Carter initially vacillated on aid to New York City, but most galling to congressional blacks has been his unwillingness to support the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which would guarantee employment to all willing and able adults. Carter generally favors looking to the private sector for new jobs. When he met with the Congressional Black Caucus, he voiced reservations about the legislation—which is the Caucus' top priority this year—and promised to give them an answer when he had a chance to look at the revised bill. "In January, when everyone was talking about an upturn in the economy, black employment rose three percent," says Rep. Yvonne Burke. "Jimmy Carter told us he thought other candidates were supporting Humphrey-Hawkins in the belief it would go nowhere. He had some misunderstandings, and my evaluation is that he was not really familiar with the bill." Some, including Young, believe that Carter will ultimately endorse Humphrey-Hawkins, and that he would be well advised to do so before it becomes a major campaign issue.

Carter does not favor forced busing, or a constitutional amendment to prevent it. His preferred solution, a voluntary busing arrangement like the plan in operation in Atlanta, may work well enough in a city where blacks constitute 80 percent and more of the school population, but it would not provide an acceptable solution to school integration problems in very many cities, particularly those presently under court ordered busing arrangements. On the whole, this year's presidential campaign is not distinguished by wide variations in the candidates' positions on issues. In these circumstances, Jimmy Carter's continuing capacity to draw a strong black vote in primary elections does more for him than help pile up delegates. Absent other pressing issues, it helps legitimate Carter with white liberals, it helps them over their reservations, their anti-southern bias. Andrew Young believes that

liberals should look to blacks; blacks, he has said, set the domestic social agenda. "White liberals are personally secure and their commitment tends to be intellectual. They could afford to sit out the Humphrey-Nixon campaign in 1968. Minorities don't have that luxury. They tend to rally around certain survival issues." Young admits that he hopes his support will help draw liberals to Carter's corner. "I want solid liberals working with Jimmy Carter," he says. "The right-wing and moderate opportunists who always tend to hedge their bets are moving in already, and it would be tragic for this year to produce another McGovern phenomenon from the other side of the party."

Julian Bond, who supported Carter only against Wallace and is now running as a Udall delegate in Atlanta, issues a blunt rejoinder: "Blacks set the liberal social agenda because we are that agenda. We are welfare and food stamps, unemployment and housing. We live in the inner cities and we're the main victims of crime in the streets. What Andrew Young is doing in his support of Jimmy Carter is to use his position as agenda setter to cast the agenda aside."

Young's only reservation about Carter, he says, is the man's compulsion and drive to be President. Apparently those ambitions date back to 1972. While helping orchestrate the stop-McGovern movement in Miami Beach and before, Carter also embarked on an effort to get second spot on the McGovern ticket. On two occasions, says Julian Bond—before Eagleton was chosen and after he was dumped—Carter asked Bond

to contact McGovern on his behalf. Carter flatly denies making any such overture; McGovern says the contact was made; Andrew Young says he understands Carter did ask Julian, and Bond is adamant about the truth of his account.

McGovern aides say that Hamilton Jordan, now Carter's national campaign manager, also made a pitch for a Carter vice presidency. Jordan, it is said, argued that because he had nominated Scoop Jackson in Miami Beach, Carter was the perfect choice to unify the party. A plausible argument.

Andrew Young, campaigning for Congress back in Atlanta at convention time, also received a Carter phone call from Miami. It was not a specific request to contact McGovern about a vice presidential spot, says Young, but a more general conversation dealing with Black Caucus politics at the convention with a view toward being sure that if Carter were chosen by McGovern, the Caucus would not try to veto him.

Young likens his conversation with Carter four years ago to one he had recently with New Jersey Congressman Peter Rodino of Judiciary Committee fame. "Pete Rodino never said a word about the vice presidency," says Young, "but somehow I knew that's what he was interested in. Well, four years ago, I had the same kind of conversation with Jimmy." That phone call from Peter Rodino says a lot about how the savviest of Democratic pols now size up Jimmy Carter's presidential chances—and how important Andrew Young is to that effort.

## Blacks and Daniel P. Moynihan

# A Bum Rap?

by Carl Gershman

Daniel P. Moynihan may have become a hero to many Americans during his brief but exciting stay at the United Nations, but for a certain segment of the black community—mostly politicians and publicists—he was cast in the role of a villain. Even before his arrival at Turtle Bay, he had not been popular with this influential group of blacks. His report on the Negro family, written in 1965 while he was Assistant

Secretary of Labor in the Johnson administration, had involved him in a major controversy with blacks, as did his famous "benign neglect" memo to President Nixon written five years later. Moynihan's strong criticism at the UN of undemocratic Third World governments, in particular his description of Ugandan President Idi Amin as a "racist murderer," reinforced the ill-will toward him that already existed.

It was not at all surprising, therefore, that when rumors began to circulate that Moynihan might decide to run for the Senate in New York against James

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Buckley, cries of outrage were heard from the same quarters within the black community. The New York State Council of Black Elected Officials, in what its president described as "a very deliberate and considered move to stop his candidacy before a band-wagon effect started," voted unanimously that Moynihan was "not acceptable." The New York *Amsterdam News* went a good deal further, calling him a "racist" and declaring that "there can be no decent compromise on the part of Black people with men like Moynihan, who during his recent stint at the United Nations, clearly showed his contempt for Black people all over the world. And it thus goes without saying that any political party which embraces him as a candidate, is showing by its own actions, its willingness to divorce itself from Black people to whom Moynihan is so insensitive." These views were echoed by black newspapers in other parts of the country. The Pittsburgh *Courier* announced that the date of Moynihan's resignation from the UN should be declared "a national holiday," while a columnist in the Cleveland *Call and Post* observed that even George Wallace "looks better by comparison."

There is some evidence that the black rank-and-file does not share this hostile view of Moynihan. According to a poll published in the New York *Daily News* on March 1, 42 percent of black New Yorkers thought that Moynihan should seek the Democratic nomination for the Senate, against only 15 percent who thought that he should not, with 43 percent undecided. These figures—which were roughly similar to the percentages for New Yorkers generally—reflect a far more accurate understanding of Moynihan's record on racial issues than the statement of the Black Elected Officials. For not only is there no trace of racism in Moynihan's record, but a good case can be made for the assertion that he has done as much as any public figure in the last 15 years to promote policies whose major beneficiaries were or would have been (had they been adopted) the black poor. If this is so, then we are faced with an instance of that curious phenomenon in modern politics that Moynihan and others have called an Orwellian inversion: a situation in which the truth is the exact opposite of what has been stated.

That this is so is clear from the original controversy a decade ago over Moynihan's Labor Department report, *The Negro Family: A Case for National Action*. It was said at the time, and has recently been repeated in the black press, that "he blamed most of the social disadvantages suffered by Blacks on the instability of the American Negro family," whereas "whatever instability might exist within black families, it is not the cause of social disadvantages suffered but is the result." (The Milwaukee *Star Times*, February 12, 1976). In fact, the basic premise of the Moynihan report was exactly the opposite: "Three centuries of injustices have brought about deep-seated structural distortions in the life of the Negro American." The report dealt with five injustices primarily responsible for the disruption of

Negro life: slavery, Jim Crow, rapid urbanization, poverty and unemployment, and a wage system not geared to family size (the result being that many employed fathers could not provide for their families). The cumulative effect, Moynihan wrote, was to produce in Northern urban areas a large black underclass trapped in a "tangle of pathology" exemplified by a disastrously high incidence of female-headed families dependent on welfare.

There is no way in which this report can legitimately be characterized as anti-black. On the contrary, it constituted a major advance in the understanding of America's racial crisis by showing that the achievement of mere civil rights would not solve the terrible social and economic problems afflicting a major part of black America. In fact, as the report demonstrated, the conditions in Northern Negro ghettos were worsening even as progress was being made on the civil rights front in the South, a harsh reality that was not perceived at the time by many people, including the federal government itself.

At the time two different strategies were being proposed to deal with the problem of black poverty. The first, which was implicit in the Moynihan report and for which Bayard Rustin was the leading black advocate, was government action to uplift the Negro lower class so as to transform it, in Moynihan's words, "into a stable working-class population." Moynihan placed greatest emphasis on the need for more jobs for the poor, making the government the employer of last resort, and—more originally—on the need for a family assistance plan, which would "get more money directly into the hands of the poor."

Moynihan called his approach an "income strategy" to denote its purpose of allocating additional economic resources *directly* to the poor. The alternative approach then being advocated—the so-called "services strategy"—placed heaviest emphasis on the role of *intermediaries*, such as social-welfare workers and community organizers, whose job it was to minister to and organize the poor. The Community Action Program of the War on Poverty used the latter approach in its policy of encouraging the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor in solving the poverty problem.

These two strategies ostensibly shared the same objective—ending poverty—but had, and were perhaps intended to have, different consequences. Which is also to say that they served different interests. The income strategy constituted a simple transfer of economic resources for the purpose of improving the economic condition, and stabilizing the family and social life, of the poor. The services strategy, on the other hand, offered no guarantee that it would actually improve the economic condition of the poor. Its most immediate effect was to elevate to positions of power in the ghetto precisely those people who would have been bypassed

by the income strategy—the organizers of the poor. Once established by federal patronage in positions of leadership, these community organizers became, in effect, the power brokers in relations between the poor and the government. This gave them a veto over government policy concerning the poor, and also a certain interest in maintaining the urban underclass as a political base from which they could threaten, and extract concessions from, white society. Their ideology was black nationalism, and although many found it an attractive ideology in itself, it was also an ideology in the Marxist sense that it served to rationalize the pursuit of concrete class interests. Thus the community-action approach to poverty, which was idealized (and ideologized) through such phrases as community control and self-determination, had the effect of enthroning a new elite in the black community.

It was an elite that did not deal kindly with its ideological opponents, who were called racists if they were white and Uncle Toms if they were black. It was particularly intent upon discrediting Moynihan who, in his role as the symbol and leading exponent of a competing point of view, threatened its newly acquired power. Unlike many others, though, Moynihan refused to be intimidated. He continued to advocate an income strategy and he tried to implement it in his capacity as the domestic counselor to the Nixon administration.

The notorious “benign neglect” memo, which was misunderstood by some and misrepresented by others, was simply a restatement of his position that black progress would be better served by attention to economic issues rather than racial ones. “The time may have come,” he wrote, “when the issue of race could benefit from a period of ‘benign neglect.’ The subject has been too much talked about. The forum has been too much taken over by hysterics, paranoids and boodlers on all sides. We may need a period in which *Negro progress continues and racial rhetoric fades.*” (emphasis added) The examples he gave in the memo of the wrong kind of attention to the racial issue were the raid by the Chicago police on the Black Panther party on the one side, and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein’s cocktail party for the Panthers on the other. The charge made by 21 civil rights leaders that Moynihan was advocating neglect “of the plight of black Americans” is self-evidently absurd. Nothing of the kind was said in the memo, and all of his own efforts while he was with the Nixon administration were devoted to the Family Assistance Plan whose major beneficiaries would have been the black poor.

But if Moynihan was misunderstood by some blacks (Bayard Rustin, who was among the 21 civil rights leaders who denounced Moynihan in 1970, has recently issued a public apology), there were others who attacked him precisely *because* he said that the “issue of race” should be neglected. This attack was merely a continuation of what was by then a five-year-old

dispute between Moynihan, the advocate of an economic strategy to deal with poverty among blacks, and a black elite whose own political power depended upon agitating the “issue of race.” This group, aided by liberals who were playing *party* politics against the Nixon administration and who wanted to discredit the FAP—Moynihan’s program—for reasons of their own, ultimately succeeded in establishing Moynihan’s reputation as anti-black.

The Amin controversy and Moynihan’s polemics at the UN against Third World dictators simply transferred this internal American dispute to the arena of international politics. The dictators of the Third World are past masters at the art of racial politics. As well they should be, for these dictators have far more reason to obscure their real relationship to their black subjects. And none has more reason to do this than Idi Amin Dada, who has murdered as many as 250,000 of his countrymen since seizing power in 1971, and who expelled Uganda’s Asian population only to replace this “foreign” economic elite with a native black one.

**B**ut Moynihan was not criticized as much for what he said about Amin, who is an embarrassment to many of his colleagues in the Organization of African Unity, as for what he said about the Third World. His role at the UN was quite similar to his earlier role in American domestic politics, for here, too, he refused to accept at face value the claims of an unelected elite to represent the interests and welfare of subject peoples. In the same speech in which Moynihan attacked Amin, he carefully pointed out that Americans have no wish “to participate in any economic arrangements, new or old, whose beneficiaries will be the State rather than the individual, leaders rather than the individual, politicians and bureaucrats rather than the individual. If there is to be an increased flow of wealth to the countries of the south, the United States must insist that it be channeled into the pockets of individuals and not into Swiss bank accounts. . .” He was proposing, in short, an income strategy for the impoverished *people* of the Third World which would circumvent the post-colonial elite in the same way that the FAP would have bypassed the black American elite.

The origin of Orwellian inversions in contemporary politics has been the need for “progressive” elites to justify their own pursuit of power. By demystifying these elites both within the US and elsewhere, Moynihan has himself become the victim of a similar inversion. While simple justice to him as a public figure requires that the record be set straight, it seems more important to oppose the effort through vilification to discourage him and people like him from speaking out on the question of poverty and political oppression. If public discussion on the subject is inhibited in this way the inevitable consequence will be a neglect of the poor and the oppressed that under no circumstances could be described as benign.

## Arts and Lives

### Stanley Kauffmann on theater

#### The Lady from the Sea

(Circle in the Square)

Vanessa Redgrave, lovely, a light upon the stage as she is on the screen, joins her sister in the New York theater season. Four weeks ago I wrote of Lynn Redgrave's sturdy performance in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* which (principally) made the production a pleasant surprise. Now Vanessa R.'s lyric performance of Ellida in Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* is that production's only stay against disaster.

I admit that I went to this play with considerable fear. Quite apart from its intrinsic quality (of which more later) I've always thought it so allusive and rarefied as to be virtually unactable. (This is even more true, I think, of Ibsen's vastly superior *When We Dead Awaken*.) I knew something of the stage history of the piece, including Duse's success. But Duse's very success confirmed my feelings. If one can rely on theatrical history at all, then she was an actress who specialized in Soul and Beauty, both spelled with capitals, and she performed for a society that spelled them the same way. I found it hard to imagine how, for a contemporary audience, one could authenticate—with real, physically present people—this drama of a woman who is in the thrall of a mystic marriage to the sea. Despite Redgrave's gifts, and even speculating about improvements in other roles, I still can't imagine it.

Ellida is the young second wife of Dr. Wangel, a gentle middle-aged physician who has two teen-age daughters. (The younger one, Hilde, reappears in *The Master Builder*.) Before she met Wangel, Ellida, herself the daughter of a lighthouse-keeper, had a romance with a mysterious sailor, and they "wed" each other by throwing rings into the sea. He disappeared; eventually she allowed herself to become Mrs. Wangel and came to live in this house above the

fjord, still near the sea, still "belonging" to the sailor. She had one child, who she thinks had the sailor's eyes (though the man had been gone for years). Since the child's death she has had no marital relations with Wangel, feeling that she has betrayed the sailor. The sailor suddenly appears one day, claims Ellida as his own, and says he will return next day to take her away. Wangel refuses to "release" Ellida, for her own good. But when the sailor reappears, Wangel does "release" her so that she can choose freely between him and the sailor. With the choice now entirely hers, she chooses her husband (a foretaste of *Candida* here), and the sailor disappears forever.

The central idea—a woman enslaved by her past who is freed by being given freedom of choice—is a blank symbol which can be colored any hue that the reader-spectator brings with him. Many distinguished critics have commented on *The Lady from the Sea* and have found in it everything from analogies with Dante to prescience about Freud. (It was written in 1888.) I have no special quarrel with any of the analyses I know and will even offer the lame tribute that their variety is a compliment to Ibsen. My difference with them is in value judgment, not in analysis. Just because the play is varyingly analyzable; just because many interpretations of Ellida's enslavement and release are possible; just because there is a contrast in the play between a safe pool in which carp live and the wild sea in which people drown; just because the sailor killed his captain long ago and would say only that it was the right thing to do (which Ibsen never clarifies even as metaphor); just because there's a parallel between Ellida and her older stepdaughter who accepts the proposal of an older man; just because many other patterns can be winkled out—it doesn't necessarily follow from all these "because" that *The Lady from the Sea* is a good play. One affliction of serious criticism is the belief that if a work can sustain analysis, it's good.

Esthetic experience is something else. The evaluative truth, for me, is that this play is tenuous, strained, and even arbitrarily cobbled in places. A young would-be sculptor, now wooing a Wangel daughter, just happens to have been on a ship with the mysterious sailor and just happens to have heard him make a revealing remark which he now just happens to remember, a device (like others in other realistic Ibsen plays) right out of the 19th-century theater of

carpentry where the author had labored for 11 years. Tenuousness and strain dominate the subplots of *The Lady*. It's patent that they are meant analogically to the central story, but they are simply not very interesting in themselves; they are mere padding to bulk out a full-length play. As for that central story, Ellida spends most of the first three acts remembering something that happened long ago. This is a very different theatrical conception from *Hedda Gabler*; she too is in the thrall of her past, doomed by it, but with the very start of the play, that doom begins to be dramatically articulated.

Another point—a criticism that Strindberg might have made in the vein of his criticism of *A Doll's House*. It seems to me that the crucial action of the play is Wangel's, not Ellida's. It is he who goes through the greatest transformation, a conventional and deeply loving husband who is moved to grant his wife her freedom so that she may make a free choice between him and another man. True, it is she who then has to make that choice; but she has been shown as a person of greater imaginative reach, so the making of that choice is little temperamental wrench for her, even though it's an emotional one. The real character enlargement is Wangel's, not hers; the whole play can be seen as a drama of his belated maturation—possibly it should be called *The Husband of the Lady from the Sea*. The reason that *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler* end so much less happily than this play is that the husbands in those two plays are incapable of growth.

#### Films Worth Seeing

*All Screwed Up*. Modern Milan. Lina Wertmüller's exuberance freshens (a bit too forcefully) the old theme of young people arriving in the big city.

*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

*Robin and Marian*. Robin Hood 20 years later. Flapdoodle, but minimally seeable for some good actors and Richard Lester's direction.

*Seven Beauties*. Wertmüller again—a tragic farce about a Neapolitan in WW II. Trite touches, blatant touches, but a strong central idea strongly articulated.

SK

Agree with my estimate of *The Lady* or not, still you would likely agree that any performance of it runs a constant risk of slipping into the unbearably precious. That, at least, does not happen: because of Vanessa Redgrave's purity, concentration, grace. It's not possible to believe in Ellida any more than one can believe in a character in *Everyman* or *The Faerie Queene*. Redgrave's job is harder than it would be in (figuratively) those works because Ibsen has surrounded her abstraction with detailed realistic characterization. Redgrave seems to realize this and seems to abstract *herself* without any touch of posing. She speaks quietly and moves gently, *confiding* her story to Wangel rather than displaying her delicacy. (She never really raises her voice until the last act.) Redgrave is a large woman with immediate stage command; I've rarely seen that command used so easily for intimacy and sensitivity.

But then there is Pat Hingle, the Wangel—pedestrian and trite, just another slice of Dear Old Dad in any domestic American play. One of the problems in using an English actress in America is how to surround her with accents that don't make her sound alien; in this regard Hingle was an especially poor choice. The others in the cast range

from the bearable—George Ede as the jack-of-all-arts Ballested, Kimberly Farr as the older daughter—to the utterly unbearable—Richard Lynch as the Stranger (the sailor). It's a hellishly difficult part: he has to walk in and immediately justify everything poetical that has been said about him. Christopher Walken at his best might be able to do it, if he would accept such a small part. Lynch simply hasn't any of the requisite powers.

And Tony Richardson, the director, has handled him especially badly by plunking him into the middle of that wretched Circle in the Square playing oval. Earlier, Richardson has staged the first act at the far end, an effect something like watching a tea party at the distant end of a small race-track. When he comes to an actor who *should* be kept distant, Richardson whams him at us, pores and all. To put it kindly, Richardson is one more director beaten by that theater, which should be razed and rebuilt.

Michael Meyer's translation leaves some flexibility to be desired. When Ellida says at the end that she was blind to Wangel's love, he says: "Your thoughts were directed elsewhere." Couldn't Meyer at least have left out "directed"?

## Doctorow's Dissertation

The National Book Critics Circle Award for best novel of the year certainly added a measure of panache to *Ragtime*, but it predictably inflicted further pain in stiff critical necks, the kind of literary whiplash caused by unexpectedly sudden accelerations in popularity on the part of Our Own. Greeted by enthusiastic reviews initially, *Ragtime* like (and at least once with) *Nashville* has been subsequently attacked on the ground of radical chic-anery, and is hugely absent from the list of nominees for the National Book Award. Its place, presumably, is filled by the bulk of William Gaddis' *J.R.* whose absence on the Critics Circle list caused one member of the board to resign. Despite generally favorable notices, *J.R.* seems to be sharing the fate of *The Recognitions*, popular neglect which, along with a

thickly textured (and dazzling) prose qualifies Gaddis' novel as a truly experimental creation, whereas *Ragtime*'s commercial success and easy (even entertaining) pastiche—to say nothing of its sale to "the movies"—damns it among the arbiters of avant-gardism.

No such righteous indignation was inspired by *Jaws*, whose phenomenal success was accompanied by an equivalent display of teeth on the part of most reviewers—yawns with a rather sharp-edged look. One expects popularity from such obvious examples of art drecko, while avant-garde works are suppose to arouse in the mass reader a version of future shock. But *Ragtime*'s success gives it an aura of trashiness—future *schlock* as it were—and as with the harmless red balloon called *Love*



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Story, whose chief fault seems to have been that it was written by a classics professor, cries of outrage accompany its ascension. Recently the forces of reaction got a helping hand from across the water when British reviewers celebrated the Bicentennial by dismissing *Ragtime* with a desultory peck and a sniff as so much provincial rubbish. Sphincter-sensitive to English *ennui*—witness the symbolic location of the Anglophilandering NYRB—the remain-

ing closet Tories of NYC may be expected to follow suit by turning coats.

Yet the fact remains that many thousands of Americans were motivated, for whatever reasons, to buy *Ragtime*, a work of superior grace and wit, surely, and not the usual kind of thing to find up there with those masterworks of jim-slickery assembled by Gore Vidal *et al.* We are not all such Wallacites (I here refer to Irving, not the other one) as we have been made out to

be, it would seem. Moreover, the boys on the bandwagon should not be in such haste to dump Doctorow without a very careful consideration of exactly what it is he has placed in the hands of American readers, if only because in his previous work he has displayed great power of subtlety and political concern. For what would appear to be a literary approximation of those incredibly complex peepshows fabricated for Russian czars in the shape of giant Easter eggs may turn out to be something more closely resembling in effect those other round objects tossed at Russian czars by anarchists. This is the Time of the Terrorist, and I propose that *Ragtime* is a literary equivalent of a time bomb, being a bit of *plastique* for this plastic age, and that he who reads it should drop it and run.

Much of the reviewer excitement and reader curiosity aroused by Doctorow's book resulted from his placing historical figures in fictional situations. Which is, as I understand it, a hangnail definition of the Historical Romance as invented by Sir Walter Scott. The situation is reminiscent of the *frisson* caused by the Beats a full score years ago, who created a sensation by reading their poems to the accompaniment of jazz—a journalistic response which overlooked the fact that poetry set to music is generally called "song." The performances by the likes of Allen Ginsberg were most certainly a different kind of song and Doctorow's novel is a significant variation on the genre as practiced by Kenneth Roberts. But Doctorow's differences are such that they reinforce rather than diminish the Scott connection, for he employs a number of devices which insure that we view the present moment as the necessary sequel to his improvisation on time past.

What Doctorow has done, in effect, is to take the materials of Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*—a sequential series of fictional, autobiographical and historical episodes—and place them in a compactor, reducing the bulk and hopelessly blurring the edges of definition. And yet the result is an artifact which retains the specific gravity of Dos Passos' classic, being a massively cynical indictment of capitalistic, racist, violent, crude, crass and impotently middle-class America. *Ragtime*, moreover, manages to synopate materials borrowed from other radically oriented novels of the '30s, including Roth's *Call It Sleep* and George Milburn's forgotten *tour de force*, *Catalogue*. But perhaps Doctorow's most significant borrowing is from continen-

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tal, not native American literature, namely, his use of Heinrich von Kleist's historical novel, *Michael Kohlhaas*—which was based upon the fatal facts in the case of the historical Emil Kohlhaase—for it is from Kleist's hero that Doctorow derives his tragic pianist, "Coalhouse" Walker.

This is not to say that Doctorow's borrowing is strictly a literary affair, for a film of the same title was made recently from Kleist's story. Novelists, it has been said, no longer read other novels, they see movies, writing books which are made (as in Doctorow's case) into movies which other writers see. The novel is increasingly becoming a preview of coming attractions. Certainly the soundtrack of *The Sting* brought Scott Joplin into the kind of prominence which Doctorow uses to his own end by means of "Coalhouse" and the title to his novel itself. But the important thing is that Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas* is discussed by Georg Lukacs in his monumental study of the historical novel as representing "the clash between the medieval independence of the individual . . . and the abstract justice of the emerging modern state form of Feudalism." I would prefer to avoid Lukacs' Marxist nostalgia, instead reading the story of Kohlhaas—a merchant who has his horses confiscated by a Saxon nobleman as he was passing through Leipzig on his way to a fair—as reflecting the growing conflict between the landed and monied classes which characterized the emerging Renaissance, especially since Kleist's plot turns on the sacredness of property versus the arbitrariness of feudal laws. Enraged by his failure to obtain legal redress, Kohlhaas turns to banditry and terrorism, a saga containing overtones of William Tell and Robin Hood, those more fabulous products of feudalism's breakdown.

However one chooses to interpret Kleist's novel in terms of his chosen milieu, the transformation of Kohlhaas into "Coalhouse" and the metamorphosis of his horses into a Model T Ford (borrowed from *Catalogue*, where it serves as the occasion for the lynching of an "uppity nigger") has a uniform and ominous implication for modern America. For, having passed through US Customs, Robin Hood and his Merry Men became Jesse James and his Noble Outlaws, a group which included the Younger Brothers. Notably, a Younger Brother plays an important role in Doctorow's novel, being the Dynamite Liberal who, having gone off in his own

hand in the presence of Evelyn Nesbit, develops an even more explosive habit when in league with Walker and his militant musicians. However, it is that angry black man who is the most fearsome spectre, a Panther in a derby instead of a beret, yet another upsurge of primitivism—noble savagery—that is never far from the surface of the historical novel in America. "Coalhouse," again, is a purely literary creation, and his armed occupation of J.P. Morgan's museum is likewise imaginary also, but we should realize the implications of Doctorow's dissertation, for in the manner of the classical historical romance, it is a reshaping of the past to fit the matter of the moment.

Most reviewers were unaware (or uninterested) in the implications of genre, so this aspect of the novel has not caused the excitement aroused by Emma Goldman, Harry Houdini and J. P. Morgan (to say nothing of Evelyn Nesbit), but it perhaps should give us pause. The historical personages are (true to novelistic form) both peripheral and ineffective, nor do they have any but an ironic relevance to our own concerns. In the novel, similarly, nothing comes of "Coalhouse" Walker's defiant act, for as an invented "event" placed in a historical time frame, it necessarily had to die with the invented "person," an esthetic counterpart to the ephemeral acts of "real" people when involved in fiction. And yet "Coalhouse," for the very reason that he is a pure invention, contains a message for the modern times which occasioned his creation.

It has already been prophesied that we may expect spinoffs from Doctorow's novel, that his use of real people in fictional situations is bound to have a literary vogue. For myself, one of the most intriguing sequels will involve the author himself: can the man who made a million from indicting the capitalist system find happiness henceforth? Concerning other possibilities, I am afraid that the most dramatic spinoff may well involve real people in their own mad fictions, people inspired by *Ragtime*'s most thoroughly literary and imaginary episode. Moreover, when that drama does explode as event, it will most likely involve a real-life "Coalhouse" Walker, who is—like so many noble savages in American literature—a white man under his black face. Well, as in the case of *Airport*, we shall have to wait for the movie to find out how the book really ends.

John Seelye

## Books Considered

### Lenin in Zurich by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$8.95)

The work on which Solzhenitsyn is now engaged, the great *roman fleuve* of which we so far have only *August 1914*, I take to be his masterpiece. What he has done in the present book is to bring together a chapter omitted from that volume, with sections from the uncompleted *October 1916* and *March 1917*. He argues that it will be quite some time before the two last are completed, and that meanwhile Lenin's experiences over the period form in themselves a coherent whole.

And so they do. All the same, the *August 1914* chapter would have added even more weight and perspective to the original volume; and when the whole series is completed it will be good to see this material taking its place in the wider sweep. Meanwhile, we have here a work of great interest and great power in which one totally committed giant has undertaken to master and portray another. It raises all sorts of questions in the realms of fiction, of history, of politics.

Does Solzhenitsyn give a picture of Lenin and his plans and activities which has the authentic ring? Yes: the personality has been grasped with subtle skill—and, as Solzhenitsyn points out in a note at the end, anyone who feels skeptical, anyone who is "surprised by V.I. Lenin's choice of words, his way of thinking and acting," can be referred to his works and his correspondence, in which Solzhenitsyn has fruitfully immersed himself. He vividly conveys the circumstances of the political scheming, the skill and obstinate attention to detail and to long term advantage which marked every moment of Lenin's maneuvers, from the dangers of the escape from Galicia to the moment of boarding the Sealed Train nearly two and a half years later.

The difficulties of handling an historical figure in fiction are notorious. And in some ways Lenin appears to be one of the most refractory characters for this sort of treatment. A few years ago, writing a short book on him, I

conscientiously read through the bulk of those writings and that correspondence of his. A feeling of gloom and horror, but especially of gloom, was the result: far more intense, strange as it may seem, than when dealing with the admittedly dreadful personality of Stalin. In a curious way, Stalin appeared the more human of the two. His faults of character, frightful though they were, were those of a really bloody human being. Lenin, on the contrary, seemed an alien monster centered on a single cold obsessive drive. —Nor would he necessarily have felt this an unfair appreciation. Chernyshevsky, he said, had not only showed that every right-thinking and truly honest man must be a revolutionary, but had also described "what a revolutionary must be like." What Chernyshevsky had written was "A man with an ardent love of goodness cannot but be a somber monster."

The period of which Solzhenitsyn is writing is of course that immediately following Lenin's sole brush with sentiment—his connection with Inessa Armand, of which so much has been written, mainly on whether or not they were, technically speaking, lovers. In itself, that is scarcely the major point which is, rather, that a thread of color now appears in the grayness of Lenin's material. The writer has also made effectively restrained use of Lenin's occasional descents into periods of nervous depression, apparently the result of some form of brain disease.

For it would not be true to say that Lenin really lived up to the image of a pure and hard political pragmatist, that he was totally lacking in emotionalism. His description of his first quarrel with Plekhanov is astonishing proof to the contrary. He had had an "infatuation" with him and been "brutally spurned." He had been "in love with him" . . . "An enamoured youth receives from the object of his love a bitter lesson: to regard all persons 'without sentiment'; to keep a stone in one's sling." In fact, of

course, Lenin had behaved at least as badly as Plekhanov in this row: for when it came to the point his obsessional conviction of the rightness of his own views proved more powerful than any feeling he had for the older man. But in any case the emotionalism was there and expressed itself thenceforward with the stones of hatred, mistrust, the total subordination of everything to his political ego.

All the same, to delve objectively but interestingly into this generally rocky psyche is a task which few novelists would care to face, and none has previously done so with any degree of success. Solzhenitsyn is not, of course, a refuser of challenges. He has wrung out of this harsh material a work of art which yet conveys, in sensuous as well as intellectual terms, in color as well as in diagram, in the heart as well as in the phenomena, some of the reality of Lenin and of the great vortex centered on him.

He has made full use of the supporting characters—from the pathetic Krupskaya and the ineffectual Zinoviev, through the energetically 'charming' Hanecki and the erratically intelligent Radek, to the huge, fantastic Parvus—a truly splendid re-creation of that hip-popotamoid hedonist with the irrepressible revolutionary intellect and powers of clandestine action, whose career twines into all the underground activities of early 20th century Europe in a way respectable historians find hard to untangle, and preferable to ignore. Solzhenitsyn, quite legitimately in every sense, uses him as a foil—and more than a foil—to Lenin, in a magnificent central scene of their physical meeting of minds and temperaments, when Parvus comes to Switzerland to plan the overthrow of Russia.

One must stress the general authenticity of all this, though the occasional nuance might be taken as unproven. But of course, authenticity does not mean literary success. From apparently unpromising materials Solzhenitsyn has once again shown that history may be vividly subsumed into literature. The only question that is harder to answer, if one has any special interest in or knowledge of the subject, is whether the lay reader would be both instructed and held. My feeling is that he would.

When I saw Solzhenitsyn in Zurich a year or so ago and he told me he was working on those chapters of his great cycle of novels about the First War and the Revolution which dealt with Lenin's stay in the same city, I remarked how strange it was that things had come full

circle, that after the passage of 60 years the great symbol of the Russian spirit's rejection of all that Lenin set in motion should be back in the same spot. He answered that when, several years before, he had started working on this theme it had never occurred to him that he would ever be in Zurich in his life. As so often with great symbolic manifestations, the whole thing was mainly accident after all—just as the subjectivist Marxist schemes which Lenin had nourished had little except verbal relation to what was actually to occur in Russia. The richness, the variety, the unpredictability, of the real world is available to Solzhenitsyn as it is not to the schematists of revolution. It has taken a giant human being to come to grips with this giant alien, and to demonstrate without unfairness or tendentiousness that humanity is superior. Solzhenitsyn can understand and include Lenin: Leninism cannot understand or include Solzhenitsyn.

## Robert Conquest

Robert Conquest's most recent book is *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties* (Macmillan).

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## The Life and Death of Leon Trotsky by Victor Serge & Natalia Sedova Trotsky

(Basic Books; \$10.95)

## Trotsky Dead by Bernard Wolfe

(Wollstonecraft; \$8.95)

In *Moscow 1937* German novelist Lion Feuchtwanger wrote of his Russian travels in euphoric terms indicating he was a true son of Westphalian Pangloss, described the masses as hankering without exception to be intellectuals, and pictured Stalin as a genial chap—the best of all possible dictators. As for the arch-rival whom Stalin exiled and whom obsequious judges sentenced to death *in absentia*: Feuchtwanger labeled Trotsky a scintillating and habitual revolutionary who was helpless in the tight framework of a passion for mischief and

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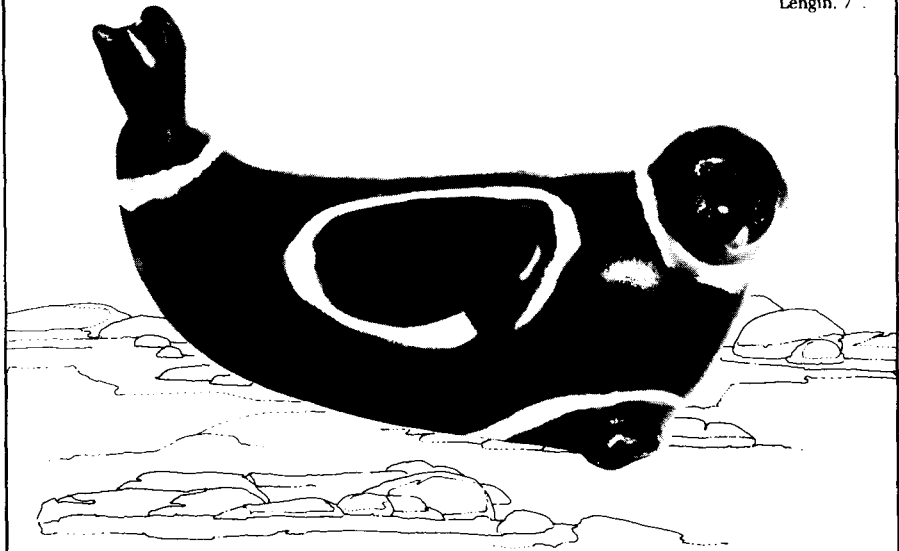
who promoted chaos while Stalin was at the sober work of building an orderly state.

For all their mutual hatred the rivals had common traits commonly overlooked by their respective defenders, above all a massive inferiority complex. Stalin, the son of a hard-drinking shoemaker whose death left his family in rags, had a pockmarked face, a withered arm, and, according to rumors, joined (and presumably Mephistophelean) toes. Trotsky himself was born to money, but he stewed over his Jewish heritage and would have nullified it if possible. To soldiers who were practically at each others' throats debating whether the founder and organizer of the Soviet armies might be a Jew, he responded: "I am a revolutionist and a Bolshevik, and I am not a Jew." He made the same reply to the chief rabbi of Moscow. The rabbi, a spokesman for tens of thousands of middle-class Jews who'd been shaken down and turned into paupers during the Bolshevik upheaval, saw a spirit of fraud in anti-Semites who branded it as Jewish revolution. "The Trotskys made the revolution," he lamented, "and the Bronsteins pay the bills."

Leon Trotsky had in fact begun life as Lev Bronstein. A landowner's son, he knew the sweat of farmwork early and he shed a child's tears over injustices to his father's tenants. He broke with his family in his teens to join other young rebels in setting up a commune and a short-lived free university, thereby giving a hint to radicalized American youths of the 1960s. His radicalism bore distinct European features, however; it was founded in working-class sympathies, and it led Trotsky and his friends to defy providence and the police together by organizing the South Russian Workers Union.

He grew up in a Russia where coterries of Jews and Christians had nurtured an atheistic tradition since French Revolutionary days, but he discovered a satisfying religion in Marxism and paid typical Marxist dues to The Cause by winding up twice in Siberian prisons. Escaping twice, he took the name of a jailer called Trotsky—perhaps out of that respect for authority characteristic of undeviating Marxists or undeviating Babbitts. The alias was a successful dodge for a while. Later he became acquainted with exile in several European capitals as well as New York and learned enough about rootlessness to repress his sneers at Zionism and take a second look at the merits of a Jewish homeland. His opposition to counter-

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intrigue in the post-Lenin days when Stalin was packing the government with henchmen, his refusal to criticize the party even after it set him adrift, his insistence on the purity of his motives, his rejection of the post of Commissar of Domestic Affairs under Lenin for fear it would arouse a hornet's nest of anti-Semites—all suggest the exacerbated sensitivity of a man whose Jewishness ran deeper than he knew or acknowledged.

The purity of his motives came under fire in 1937 when he was living in Mexico. Confessed anti-Stalinists turned on him and accused him of standing by passively while chairman of the Supreme War Council and consenting to a massacre of sailors at the Kronstadt naval base (1921). Victor Serge, a Brussels-born son of Russian émigrés and a talented fiction writer and polemicist, joined the critics. As Scott Fitzgerald would have put it, Serge had a capacity to hold two opposing ideas in mind. He admired Trotsky as a great and good man, an exemplary sage, and in his best moments a prophet. All the same, Kronstadt struck Serge as a revelation of his hero's bitter intransigence: the sailors had demanded food and other life-supporting provisions, and Trotsky had cast them in the role of counter-revolutionists eager to bring the party to its knees.

In deference to his collaborator, Serge offers only hints, *sotto voce*, that Trotsky might have had failings possibly commensurate with his virtues. A second striking omission: Trotsky's boyhood is passed over in a few sentences. (No doubt Serge assumed that Trotsky's elaborate *My Life* is easily available.) On the other hand Serge crowds his pages on the Revolution with names and events more suitable to a massive "Life and Times" than to a biography covering 296 pages. The most valuable sections of the book are the reminiscences of Natalia Sedova, a woman with a heroine's nerves, the patience to keep a diary for many years, and an anxiety, not always commendable, about her husband's place in history.

Bernard Wolfe is full-bodied where Serge was thin. *Trotsky Dead*, a revision of an earlier novel, *The Great Prince Died* (1959), concentrates hundreds of pages on the exiled leader's last days and draws its strength from the fact that Wolfe was a member of Trotsky's staff in Coyoacan, a Mexico City suburb. The earlier title, I suspect, is a reference to Agamemnon, chief of the Greek armies as Trotsky was of the Russian. Trotsky,

too, died at the hands of one he trusted, a Spaniard who passed himself off as a Belgian businessman and struck his victim down with an ice pick used for mountain climbing. Though he was dying—the weapon had penetrated his brain—Trotsky bit the hand of Ramon Mercader, wrenched away the ice pick, hurled books, ink wells, and furniture, and totally unnerved the assassin, who was trying to fire a pistol. Nevertheless Wolfe contends that Trotsky was suffering from suicidal depression, that he deliberately left himself open to GPU plots against his life, and that his memories of Kronstadt persuaded him that he had committed an unforgivable wrong. Wolfe's speculation on this theme is rich, his evidence meager. His characterization of the murderer, too, is at variance with the psychological study furnished by Isaac Don Levin in *The Mind of an Assassin*. Wolfe's assassin is a ninny, but Mercader was an extraordinarily gifted man and ideally qualified for his task. Despite faults in characterization and a style that struggles self-consciously to be vivid and arresting, Wolfe has a more than academic interest in ideas and his Trotsky is a magnetic figure whose intelligence and courage make us understand why Trotskyism is still a political force in scattered parts of the globe.

### James Walt

James Walt is professor of English at the University of Maryland.

## The Holocaust and the Literary Imagination

by Lawrence L. Langer

(Yale University Press; \$12.50)

In this stimulating, perceptive study of the literature of the Holocaust (the author's consistent capitalization of the term indicates an acquiescence in the view that the Nazi extermination program was unique) Langer seeks to formulate an "aesthetics of atrocity." Adorno's much-quoted dictum—to write poetry after Auschwitz is "barbaric"—begs the question. Even the insistence on silence requires explanation; first we must know about what to

be silent. And of course, there has been no silence. Not only the historians, sociologists, diarists and chroniclers but novelists and poets have tried to convey the nature of the experience; it is with the artist that Langer is concerned. Since he deals only with works available in English translation there are few surprises in his selections. One of the welcome ones is his choice of Ilse Aichinger's *Herod's Children*. Though inevitably readers will regret some omissions (my candidate is Piotr Ravicz's *Blood from the Sky*), they are not likely to quarrel with a range which includes writers as diverse as Andre Schwartz-Bart and Jakov Lind.

Langer's examination of possible stylistic approaches to the subject, from the delicate whimsy of Aichinger to the graphic bestiality of Kosinski's *The Painted Bird* is in each case detailed and subtle. But the major question remains: can anything be added to the stark and by now familiar fact? Is the exercise of literary art in this attempt an insolence, or does the greater insolence lie in the reduction of suffering on so vast a scale to a catalogue of corpses or to a documentary of charred bones and half-alive skeletons. For as we enter what David Rousset has named *l'univers concentrationnaire* we face the irony that the more incomprehensibly monstrous the scene, the less our fellow-feeling. The more savage the assault upon our sensibilities, the swifter the aversion, the turning away.

Paradoxically the description of the brutal fact tends to degrade the victim as well as the perpetrator. The bestiality of the acts suffered reduces the sufferer to a zoological level. In their naturalistic verisimilitude the stench of the latrine, the odor of decaying flesh, the fierce shifts for survival result in equating the tormented with the nature of their torments, and so become a kind of literary complicity in the dehumanization to which the dead and the survivors have already been subjected and a further violation of the profounder reality art seeks to represent. On the other hand, sentimentality and sublimation can be as intolerable a betrayal as scatology.

What are the techniques for an aesthetics of atrocity? Though *l'univers concentrationnaire* is a still-to-be-explored world in the consciousness of modern man, the subject of how the atrocious is to be described is as old as Aristotle. In Greek tragedy acts of violence take place off stage. We do not see Medea murder her children; the cry

of Agamemnon sounds from within the palace. Elizabethan drama on the other hand littered the stage with corpses. Since Langer frequently refers to Shakespeare, Dante and other major writers in determining his norms, these reminders are not pettily academic.

In a useful juxtaposition Langer cites the blinding of Oedipus, Cornwall's gouging of the eyes of Gloucester in *King Lear*, and he quotes extensively from the terrible scene in *The Painted Bird* in which cats play with gouged eyeballs rolling on the floor. But the differences in the horror of each event cannot be solely explained, as Langer does, by the insight gained by Oedipus or by the brevity of the Gloucester scene. Other factors, more relevant to the problem under discussion, should be noted. The audience does not witness the self-blinding of Oedipus. It becomes emotionally involved through the anguished report of an attendant. In the case of Gloucester the scene is made endurable because of the passionate reactions of the participants; there are no indifferent bystanders. In any case, the eye-gouging scene in *Lear* is dramatically one of the least memorable in the play even though it does not take place in the solitary animal world of Kosinski. The death of Cordelia, mentioned several times by Langer in the development of his theme, is not an "atrocious" but a sublime martyrdom, perhaps because we never see the actual hanging. What the audience is granted is the lament of Lear for all mortality. The bare, forked creature that inhabits the sphere of Shakespeare's bitterest meditation is never a total exile from a human world, and his grimmest suffering is never demeaned.

Perhaps the most "atrocious" scene in Shakespeare is the killing of Lady Macduff's children by "enter murderers," but until the Holocaust it seemed to modern readers as implausible as some of the extravagances in *The Duchess of Malfi*. Yet the killing of children is the ultimate horror. Langer's analysis of *Herod's Children* illuminates the possibilities of suggestion, abstraction and metaphor in dealing with the theme.

At the same time we cannot escape objective fact. In his discussion of Jorge Semprun's *The Long Voyage* Langer does not quote the description of the killing of Jewish children by the SS though he mentions it. The scene concludes: "... that pack of dogs and SS running behind the Jewish children soon engulfed the weakest among them, the ones who

were only eight years old, perhaps, the ones who no longer had the strength to move, who were knocked down, trampled on, clubbed on the ground, who lay there on the avenue, their skinny disjointed bodies marking the progress of that hunt, of that pack swarming over them. And soon there were only two left, one big and one small, both having lost their caps in their mad race, and their eyes were shining like splinters of ice in their gray faces, and the little one began to fall behind, the SS were howling behind them, and then the dogs began to howl too, the smell of the blood was driving them mad, and then the bigger of the two children slowed his pace to take the hand

of the smaller who was already stumbling, and together they covered a few more yards, the older one's right hand clasping the smaller one's left hand, running straight ahead till the blows of the clubs felled them . . ."

Here the naked fact, without adornment or commentary, is devastating, and the violence is not intimidated but beheld. In the various works examined by Langer, techniques vary from naturalism to symbolism, from the fracturing of time sequences to a straightforward chronology. The styles encompass most contemporary literary trends and do not add up to a special "aesthetics of atrocity." Nor are the parallels with classical or later writing

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particularly helpful because in no previous great work with which I am familiar has the writer sought to convey the torture of an anonymous mass; even Dante in his enthusiastic tour of the *Inferno* concentrates on individuals. Unless the experience of the Holocaust is given a mass dimension it becomes an individual woe, except in works such as in Wiesel's *Night* where one child stands for all, just as the baffled child in a ghetto round-up, whose frightened eyes and raised arms, portrayed on thousands of posters, has become a more haunting image than the piles of shoes and spectacles in the same documentaries.

Poetry, in which style is primary, is directly relevant to the theme of an "aesthetic." Here the study of symbol and metaphor comes into its own, as well as intensive explication of the text. Langer gives Paul Celan's great "Death Fugue" and Nelly Sachs, whose ethereal poetry transcends the charnel-house in a metaphysics of universal suffering, their due. But since adequate translations of the Yiddish poet Jacob Glatstein and of the Hebrew Abba Kovner are available, I find Langer's failure to consider the blunt vigor of the first and the surrealism of the second puzzling. Both are more relevant to the subject than Sylvia Plath whose sole credential as a Holocaust poet is that she gives an unwarranted dimension to her personal tragedy by images drawn from Auschwitz.

No esthetic of atrocity is established by Langer, except to indicate how richly varied are the techniques employed by writers who strive to go beyond reportage. What Langer does superbly is to convey how the Holocaust has affected the literary imagination of our time in its vision of the world. This vision may perceive man as bestial, lunatic, absurd, transcendent or heroic. Semprun's simple assessment is worth noting: "Actually, we didn't need the camps to know that man is a being capable of the most noble as well as the basest acts. How banal can you get!"

Perhaps contrary to the author's intention, Langer's comprehensive study helps to puncture Hannah Arendt's facile and much acclaimed phrase, "the banality of evil." The extended view of *l'univers concentrationnaire* provided by this book reinforces the conviction that the operators of this universe, the Eichmanns and their like, were not ordinary little robots who obediently did evil as readily as they might have done good. They were extraordinary; they achieved the

monstrous on so immense a scale that they succeeded in making evil a commonplace of existence. In their zeal, imagination and impulse, Hitler and his accomplices were anything but banal. Their historic distinction is that they made evil banal—a quite different matter.

## Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin is professor emeritus, Brandeis University, and editor of Herzl Press.

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### The Survivor, An Anatomy of Life In the Death Camps by Terrence Des Pres

(Oxford; \$10)

In *The Survivor, An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps*, Terrence Des Pres thinks about the unthinkable. The problem with thinking about the Holocaust is that it is beyond rational understanding—beyond symbols of reconciliation and atonement. It constitutes, in effect, a Black Hole in human history: an event so vast and terrible that neither religion, nor philosophy, nor art, nor social science can do anything to subdue it to purposes of human meaning. The Holocaust was pure evil, perpetrated by human beings. Down through the centuries, we have always—in every culture—told ourselves that pure evil was not a human capability.

The Holocaust, then, is for all its antecedents a point of departure in history: an act of evil of such magnitude and intensity that it will seem to those who follow us (if there are any) either an apocalyptic mutation leading nowhere, defiant of interpretation, unassimilable to the moral imagination, or (and this is worse and more probable) an event prophetic of the future, the model of how human beings will be dealing with each other in the years ahead. The recent war in Vietnam, so cruelly aimed at an entire population; increased instances of abstract and indiscriminate terrorism; complicity on the part of industrialized nations in processes leading to wholesale starvation, the winding-up of governmental power on the left and on the right: there are signs

aplenty that the Holocaust, if it is to be understood at all, must be envisioned as an early act in some final human tragedy.

If so, then Terrence Des Pres' book is a manual for survival as well as an explication of what allowed a saving remnant to make it through the fiery furnace and the long dark night. As analysis, this book is stunning. It is indeed what its subtitle suggests: an anatomy—a thematic and structural distillation of testimonies of concentration camp survivors, supplemented with interviews. Des Pres' method is philosophical in the broadest sense of the term. He is after general truth, general statement, and—if such is possible—some general moral meaning.

Running great risks (because the suffering was not his), Des Pres seeks a useful interpretation of what at every moment threatens to call forth only a long wail of nihilism and despair: the death ovens, the trenches of corpses, the children led to slaughter (yes, children, who played with rag dolls and worked their coloring books on the morning of their deaths!); the whole long orgy of deliberate cruelty, the details of which are yet but barely known, being suppressed from memory for fear regarding the possibilities of mankind itself; for as a race, we have always been suspicious (Cronus cannibalizing his children) that in the end we would turn on each other in loathing and destruction, as we did in the camps in Vietnam, and as we well might do again.

Des Pres, who began *The Survivor* while a Junior Fellow at Harvard, struggles to maintain a proper relationship to the horrors he describes. They were not his horrors, and he well knows that in one sense he is an academic spectator: probing documents, arranging material, advancing a thesis through the apparatus of civilized discourse, refining ideas through conversations over lunch at Eliot House. Insofar as it is possible, he maintains the integrity of his narrative by allowing the Survivors to speak for themselves. With a luminous and proper generosity, he has allowed it to be their book—because only they experienced the final darkness, only they struggled back from the ovens and heaping piles of corpses, and thus have a right to speak.

What sustained them through their ordeal? Ideologies, moral assumptions, religious beliefs, past identities, previous achievements, consolations of memory and art, the very flesh itself, crumbled into nothingness in the face of

terror which was both systematic and random, rationalized and irrational. The reduction of human possibilities was complete: everything gone—even hope. Dramatizing and facing this abyss of human reduction, Des Pres struggles for an interpretive counter-movement, for useful significance. The Survivor, as Des Pres develops him, emerges as the avatar of Future Man: man devoid of orthodoxy or myth of salvation, man stripped of consolation and illusion, man in pain (pain to no purpose), man existing beyond civilization, beyond symbolic aspiration, apocalyptic man, final man, man crucified *en masse* with neither rites nor eucharist, man tortured in a subterranean cell, knowing neither by whom—or why.

What, Des Pres asks, came to the Survivor's aid when he was violated beyond redemption or atonement? Des Pres' answer is simple and problematic. The Survivor survived because he had a capacity for life. Reduced to incoherent protozoa, he struggled from the sea. He endured because, thrown back radically upon the biological basis of life, he found life good. He lived from moment to moment in a state of elemental struggle, focusing upon whatever infinitesimally small item of existence was before him: a helping hand when someone fell, the gift of a coat from someone who had two, a fish head, a bowl of bean soup, a morning fleck of sunlight upon a spear of grass, glimpsed during roll call, a bowel movement, the fag end of a cigarette, a minute's rest at the side of the road. These were not fancy consolations, nor were they some sort of Survivors' Zen. They were milliseconds of sanity in a long madness. They were points of light in a long darkness.

A biological capacity for life; the simple things—there will no doubt be much objection to Des Pres' thesis. We yearn for a more elaborate explanation, one that will reinforce whatever code we think we live by.

And yet what else could they trust? Everything else, the entire apparatus of civilization, had conspired to put them in the camps. Only a radical and defiant return to elemental life could keep them going in a dark, dead universe: minute by minute, day by day, month by month, year by year. Time ceased (menstrual cycles stopped); place lost significance; the mind closed down in self-defense. The Survivor, as interpreted by Des Pres, returned to a state of incipient creation, his humanity buried in an ooze, awaiting re-evolution. If the Survivor-according-to-Des Pres means anything

at all to contemporary intelligence, he stands for the hope that, whatever there be of future catastrophies, some will live to tell the tale. Some will find within themselves the biological strength to begin again.

### Kevin Starr

Kevin Starr is city librarian of San Francisco.

## My Own Ground by Hugh Nissenson

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$7.95)

## Marilyn the Wild by Jerome Charyn

(Arbor House; \$7.95)

The further American Jews drift from immigrant Yiddish culture, the more fascinated they become with it. After two generations of trying to break away from the pious restrictions of their

tradition, Jewish novelists, at least, have returned to it. A few years ago Robert Kotlowitz, in *Somewhere Else*, wrote a richly detailed portrait of a young man's upbringing in and emigration from an East European village. Kotlowitz's interest in the details rather than the vaunted spirit of the immigrant drama represented something of a departure. Now, two new books by Jewish writers have gone a step beyond him, and even beyond Portnoy's Complaint by making a positive assault on the tradition.

Hugh Nissenson's character, Jake Brody, is a 15-year old immigrant orphan of 1912. He presses garments in a sweat shop and boards in a tenement. His initiation into sex and the complexities of the adult world has a familiar outline, but Nissenson introduces a new violence into the Jewish novel of coming of age. Jake begins to learn about life on the road in Russia with his peddler uncle. When he reaches the Lower East Side he witnesses the Jews in acts of cruelty, adultery, boozing and whoring. Maimings, murders and brutal sexual assaults, all of them minutely detailed, follow one another seemingly without let-up. Jake, who is the narrator, is not reflective. He confines himself to action and background—Russia and the Lower

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East Side. What is the relationship between this determined display of violence and the loving details of Russian villages followed by American ghetto streets, smells, apartments, cafés and steam baths?

In E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, as Hilton Kramer has shown, the atmosphere of the period fits in with the purpose of denigrating American society. But Doctorow's anger has a second object as well: the Jewish tradition. His portrait of the anarchist Emma Goldman, as proto-feminist, challenges Jewish hagiography. We had incendiary types in our tradition, too, Doctorow wishes to establish, and feminists as well—as though anyone ever denied it. Now, Nissenson adds that we had pimps and whores like his characters Shlifka and Hannele. And, adds Jerome Charyn, there are Jewish hoodlums and juvenile delinquents, too, right now, today, and they are pursued by tough, Jewish cops. No one ever denied these facts either, yet one can understand the frustration of writers who feel that the elevated part of their tradition has been emphasized to the point of inhibiting them.

*Marilyn the Wild* is the second book of what will be a trilogy of New York police novels featuring blond, blue-eyed, mono-syllabled Manfred Coen. In the first book, *Blue Eyes*, Coen was involved with the Guzmans, a family of Peruvian-Portuguese-Jewish petty criminals and gangsters, some of whom he grew up with on the streets of the Bronx. The family still operates out of a candy store in the Bronx run by Papa Guzmans, their patriarch. Charyn, who is just as fascinated as Nissenson is with these un-Jewish Jews, insists that they still exist. Not only this, but they can be found on the Lower East Side—the locale of the classic Jewish American literature. Now inhabited mostly by Chinese, Blacks, Puerto Ricans and Italians, the district is controlled by Chief of Detectives Isaac Sidel. A bizarre crime wave turns out to be the work of a gang of Jewish teenyboppers driven by a hysterical mish-mash of revolutionary

fantasies, physical violence, drugs and, of course, untrammelled sex: "no matter how many times their bodies clapped, he would never fathom Esther's needs."

At the time of the Eichmann trial young Israelis were said to be shocked at the absence of Jewish heroism in the face of the Nazi extermination. The falsity of this impression was soon corrected, or at least should have been, by the publication of accounts of the virtually unarmed, heroic Jewish resistance fighters. Where the Israelis wanted the tradition to show heroes, and Doctorow radicals, Nissenson and Charyn want it to display some unsavoriness. Irving Howe has recently shown that it did. In *World of Our Fathers*, an extended account of the Jewish immigration to the Lower East Side, Howe corrects the tendency to regard the immigrants as hard-working, self-denying parents who raised studious children for the professions. There were plenty of failures, he reminds us, and plenty of sharpers in the first generations, and among their children many who preferred the life of the streets to the conventional ladders of advancement.

But Nissenson and Charyn are not simply concerned to recapture unsavory types, who in any case can be found in Yiddish language literature itself. There is a long tradition of conflict between *proste* (vulgar) and *edel* (refined) types in both Jewish life and literature. For the first time, though, I believe, we are being shown Jews who are utterly debased spiritually. In *My Own Ground* Jake Brody's uncle kills an anti-Semitic peasant without a qualm. Shlifka brutalizes Hannele sexually, turning her into a whore, and she falls in love with him. She is rescued from Shlifka by an idealistic young Russian revolutionary (the point that there were Jewish revolutionaries is made here, too). But because he fails to satisfy her new sexuality she returns to the bestial Shlifka, a Jew without a trace of redeeming social value.

In Charyn's *Marilyn the Wild*, Marilyn, the daughter of a Jewish chief of detectives, is a sexual performer on her own. She would not be shocked by any of Shlifka's excesses. When she has to leave town she lures her father's assistant, Detective Coen, into an alcove of the Port Authority Terminal for a quick, stand-up copulation before catching her bus. The time is the present, and the Jewish cops complement the sexually demanding Jewish women by being tough, ambitious, selfish and short-sighted.

With his police novels Charyn has come full circle. In the early '60s he emerged as a novelist and short story writer in the Jewish-American novelistic tradition of Bellow and Malamud ("Faigle the Idiotke," *Once Upon a Droshtky*). Then he broke away from recognizable locales to write experimental fantasies that showed the influences of Nabokov, Borges and perhaps Gabriel Garcia Marquez (*Eisenhower*, *My Eisenhower*; *The Tar Baby*). Nevertheless, in *Eisenhower*, *My Eisenhower* the grotesque race of outcasts who inhabit the novel's imaginary country could be interpreted as metaphorical Jews. Now, however, Charyn has returned to real Jews and the real Lower East Side. Somewhat less directly than Nissenson, he is asserting an unexpected Jewish tradition of toughness.

Charyn and Nissenson's portraits of the peasant as a young Jew manage to nudge *Portnoy's Complaint* into the respectable tradition it was calculated to spurn. "What?" they seem to be saying about that book, "kindly brutalization? The hero instructs in cunnilingus and buggery? He doesn't simply animalize his women? He is just another one of those improving, educating Jews."

Unlike Philip Roth these writers are trying not to escape from but to transform the Jewish tradition. That they have a serious purpose cannot be doubted, for the vulgarity is all in their characters, never in their prose. Nissenson, moreover, gives *My Own Ground* the literary structure of a descent into the underworld, while Charyn brings together his themes in a phantasmagoric snow scene that is set among the decayed tenements of Orchard and Mulberry streets on the Lower East Side. Without departing from the police novel genre, Charyn in this scene executes a literary *tour de force*.

For the critic this kind of writing suggests cultural continuities that these writers don't choose to emphasize at the present time. For that matter so do the plots. Nissenson's Hannele ends by committing suicide in horror at her own degradation, while Charyn's Coen, a *luftmensch* in the end, chooses loyalty to his chief over lust for Marilyn. It seems that the old tradition is inescapable, after all.

Peter Shaw

Peter Shaw is author of *The Character of John Adams* (University of North Carolina Press).

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## This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen by Tadeusz Borowski

(Penguin; \$2.95)

## A Dreambook For Our Time by Tadeusz Konwicki

(Penguin; \$2.95)

Penguin has followed its publication of the Czech writers Vaculík and Kundera with two more volumes in its series, "Writers from the other Europe." This time the writers are Poles who in their vast dissimilarities indicate the impressive reach of postwar Polish literature. Borowski's stories set in the death camps of Auschwitz and Birkenau are direct enough to be mislabelled documentary while Konwicki's novel is a deliberately unapproachable fable of contemporary Polish life. To be sure the events of the war and of Polish history figure in both books, and the great differences between the two writers have a lot to do with the specific location of their narratives in this history.

After his meticulously detailed accounts of the camps, the narrator who survives into postwar Poland to tell the last of Borowski's stories, "World of Stone," has already lost most of his directness. Suddenly, where there had only been fact and observation, images intervene in his account of the life around him, and we find him telling us that the universe inflates before his eyes like a soap bubble, that its snarled contents are mirrored there briefly before it swells and bursts. And for the first time in these stories the narrator does not organize and describe what he sees. Why should this be so? Very likely because what he has described in the camps has not been explained, and what he sees before him of postwar life requires for its own reality that there be some explanation. There is, for instance, the persistent matter of punishment: "Will evil be punished? I mean in human, normal terms!" cries a girl in the camps. And if not, can there ever be a sufficient explanation of what has happened? And if there is no explanation can there be any substance to the rest of life and history. The implied answers are in the negative; they issue forth in the vague, evanescent images which Borowski introduces for the first time at the conclusion of his striking volume.

Konwicki's narrative picks up this world some 20 years later in a remote Polish village. Only when his narrator recalls his experiences fighting in the Polish Home Army are the details of the story sharp and direct like Borowski's. Otherwise, since no conclusion and no summing up has come forth from these confusing and bloody years, the present day world is a dream-like affair; the universe, in an image which recalls Borowski's, is described as "going round empty as a snowball." Village life is a disorderly tangle of destinies and history like that world mirrored in the soap bubble and every bit as transient—the entire area is in fact scheduled by the authorities for replacement by an artificial lake.

However phantasmagorical postwar life seems to both Konwicki and Borowski, the narrative voice of the death camp stories in *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen* is never anything but uncomfortably familiar and accessible. In his excellent introduction to the stories Jan Kott points out that the identification of the narrator, Tadeusz, with the author Tadeusz Borowski, was a moral choice consistent with Borowski's directive to survivors of Auschwitz to "tell about the daily life of the camp . . . But write that you, you were the ones who did this. That a portion of the sad fame of Auschwitz belongs to you as well." And so he does and in his own voice, a voice which puts us on intimate terms with the tidy economies of the people who unload the transports and acquire the packages brought by those destined for the gas. We learn how to use Auschwitz slang and discover that *Canada* is the word which designates these profiteers: "And Canada, our Canada, which smells not of maple forests but of French perfume, has amassed great fortunes in diamonds and currency from all over Europe." The first person pronoun attests here as elsewhere not to Borowski's own suffering but to the bitter terms of his survival.

In stories like "The People Who Walked On" various mundane markings in Tadeusz's private calendar acquaint us with the routines of death. The procession of people walking by the camp to the crematorium remains continuous while minor changes in his life take place. He tells us of building a soccer field and later remarks that "between two throw-ins in a soccer game, right behind my back, 3000 people had been put to death." The rest of that particular summer is marked off in

Tadeusz's mind by the evenings in which he read a French novel in snatches glancing up from time to time to see the procession that would outlast his story. And still later when he notes an improvement in his lot as a prisoner we realize that three years have passed while as he says, "day and night the people walked." The laconism of Borowski's style is its own prediction that there will be no punishment equal to this evil, that there is no human tribunal adequate to speak up for the dead, and that without this there will be no such thing as postwar "reality." Six years after his release from the camps Borowski, aged 29, turned on the gas and ended his life.

The difficulties of Konwicki's *A Dreambook for Our Time* stem from the dreamlike vision of the contemporary world in which the narrator finds himself, a vision predicted by Borowski. Like Tadeusz, this man is also a guilty survivor. In the war, which in Poland involved a bloody civil conflict (partisans against Communists) as well as the defense against the Nazis, the narrator like many other young men betrayed and murdered his countrymen for causes which were increasingly confused. When he wakes after an unsuccessful suicide attempt at the beginning of the novel 20 years later he wakes into another dream where the present is still clouded by the confusions of the past. In one last effort to sum up the meaning of his experience he sets about investigating his surroundings; they are his only materials. The village and its environment are thick with the unorganizable fragments of history. Its inhabitants come from all over Poland, but they are presently caught up in a deracinated religious cult which seals off their pasts from his investigations. The township itself has been destroyed and rebuilt so often that no trace of history or tradition survives. Its forest is crowded with the unmarked graves of centuries of war, and its monastery's museum displays a ragtag collection of minerals and fish from foreign climes, all of which points to nothing except a tradition of transience and destruction, a dumb randomness out of which a man tries vainly to wrest some explanation.

The plot moves back and forth between the narrator's recollections of the war and the events of his current life. The connections he does manage to make between landmarks here and in his past or between persons then and now do nothing to control the randomness of his findings. Events and landscape

duplicate and reduplicate themselves in the narrative without leaving any trace of a pattern. And suppose he does correctly identify a man or a place from his past, will he gain any explanation beyond the baldness of the coincidence itself? Apparently not as each of these coincidences swells in importance distorting itself as it does so, and then bursts. The novel ends with his wilting

hope to wake at last into an "ordinary, commonplace day, with its usual troubles," and one thinks that Tadeusz Borowski too would have settled happily for something like that.

### Elizabeth Pochoda

*Elizabeth Pochoda teaches literature at Temple University.*

## The Back of the Book

### Our Spring Vacation

None of us had planned to go to Seoul for March, I can tell you that; but one morning out of the blue, as I was plugging in Mr. Coffee, which had been recommended to us by Joe DiMaggio, my wife said: dear—I remember she smelled of Chanel cologne, which had been recommended to her by Catherine Deneuve—she said, dear, it says here (in an ad for Americana Hotels) that Lee Radziwill recommends the Chosun in Seoul as a place to "dine and unwind." Does it have "top talent from a dozen lands" and "dishes from three continents" I asked? It certainly does, answered my wife, dumping our laundry into the Speed Queen washer Chuck Connors had recommended. That's good enough for me, said I, and we were on our way.

We chose Air France for our flight because it had been recommended by Peter Duchin, Margaux Hemingway, Miles Davis, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Andy Warhol, Carol Channing, S.J. Perelman and John Lindsay. Ordinarily we wouldn't pay much attention to what the Bedfords recommend because they've proved unreliable before. But the ad we saw quoted Margaux Hemingway as saying that she loves to shop in Paris "for hats with feathers, ribbons, and flowers," and in the same ad Andy Warhol recommended Aux Etats-Unis on the Rue Saint Honoré for candy for his dog. John Lindsay said: "Last time my wife Mary, and our son Johnny and I were in Paris—Johnny and I climbed to the top of Notre Dame. What a climb. But the view was always worth it. That evening, we all had dinner at a favorite spot—

Quasimodo. We had snails. As usual, superb." Peter Duchin said: "When in the wine country of St. Emilion—have dinner at the Hostellerie de Plaisance. Order steak broiled over grape roots. Fabulous." We took his word for it, as we took Margaux's because we had admired both their fathers. Not having time to stop in Paris, however, we contented ourselves with the "truffled pâté and Brut champagne" served on board.

Thanks to the advice of Karl Malden, Mel Blanc and William E. Miller we brought plenty of travellers checks which we obtained at the National City Bank recommended by Paul Lynde and Rod Serling years ago. I remember wanting to open an account with the Bowery Savings Bank back then because Joe DiMaggio had recommended it; but my wife said, What does he know about banks? Coffee, sure, but banks? That very morning our children asked us why we always buy things recommended by celebrities? (These are the same bright children, by the way, who always forget to feed the dog Alpo, despite the fact that Lorne Greene recommends it.) We explained that celebrities are famous, that's why. I was annoyed by their question, and cut myself shaving with the Schick razor Mark Spitz had recommended.

It was hard leaving home this year because we just bought three new cars, plus a Ford pick-up recommended by Catfish Hunter. Not that we needed the cars. But a couple of Saturdays ago we were watching the tube and on the same afternoon Ricardo Montalban, Domenico Madugno and Rex Harrison all came on recommending (respective-

ly) the Cordoba, Volaré (natch) and the Aspen. Well, how can you resist such people—especially Montalban, with those little flamenco notes in the background of the ad? When Rex Harrison says "unbelievable" about the Aspen you know he means it, because that is the very word—"unbelievable"—he uttered in *My Fair Lady*. Our children asked us what Professor Higgins and a bunch of actors dressed up like 19th-century British Ascot aristocracy had to do with buying a Dodge. We told them to mind their business. They're getting to be difficult, our children. We remind them to brush with Pepsodent, as Shirley Jones tells them to, and they giggle at us.

Were we excited at the prospect of landing in Seoul? Does Dinah Shore drive Chevys? I can't wait to try the Seoul food, said my wife (a great kiddier), and we toasted each other with Lauder's Scotch, recommended by Yul Brynner. We looked fine, I must say; me in my Kings Road Coordinates from Sears (recommended by Tom Seaver); she in her Hanes Support pantyhose (recommended by Joe Namath). The children gave us the once-over, and cracked some more cracks, of course. Where did we get these children anyway, I asked my wife. You know perfectly well, she said with a twinkle. But who recommended them, I said. Thank goodness they're nearing college age. We can send them to some school recommended by Allen Ludden.

Well, said my wife as we parked our Hertz rent-a-car recommended by O.J. Simpson, and entered the hotel lobby, we must be the Chosun people (what a gal). I went to check in and asked, is Lee Radziwill staying here this week? Lee Hoo? asked the clerk, confusing the princess with a local chanteuse. Lee Radziwill, I repeated. Oh, he laughed, yes; would you believe that some people actually take that ad seriously? Yeah, I chuckled, and hid my disappointment in anticipation of the "dozens of sights and shrines lit by the warm oriental sun." But why would she recommend a hotel if she doesn't stay here, I asked my wife when we were alone. There, there dear, she said, the clerk is probably in error.

Sure enough, he was. For that very evening we received an invitation to cocktails in the Radziwill suite. When we arrived Dick Butkus, Rosey Grier, Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford were serving Lite Beer, and Andy Griffith was passing around *hors d'oeuvres* on Ritz crackers. Bill Cosby was dishing out Jello and Bing Crosby was pouring orange

juice. I only wanted coffee, so Danny Thomas made me a cup of Maxwell House. It was a swell party. I wished that our friends back home could see it—Bill Russell suggested that we call long distance. Julie Eisenhower suggested that we bring them a "Bless This House" embroidery kit. Everyone was very nice with us, no one nicer than Lee herself. "If you're doing business in Korea," she said, "the Americana name tells you the Chosun is the place to stay." We had the time of our lives.

**Roger Rosenblatt**

## Correspondence

### Fallacious?

*To the editors:*

I read the interview in your March 13 issue between Ms. Fallaci and Mr. Colby. While I disagree and vehemently disapprove of a number of the activities of the CIA, it does seem rather clear that the CIA has reflected, to a substantial degree, the policies and the positions of the then-incumbent chief executive. I think it is more than a little bit unfair to suggest that the CIA bears the ultimate responsibility for the various activities they have conducted. In the last analysis, I think it is the chief executive, and you and I, as the electorate, which should bear the responsibility for those unfortunate and ill-conceived activities.

*Stephen J. Dutton  
Indianapolis, Indiana*

*To the editors:*

Outstanding! The Fallaci/Colby interview made me laugh until I cried . . . and cried . . . and cried.

*Martha Wilmering  
Atlanta, Georgia*

### Coming

Claire Boothe Luce on Golda Meir  
and  
Nathan Glazer on  
Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers*

## The Classifieds

### Personals

**MUGWUMP** - Take No Wooden Nickels!

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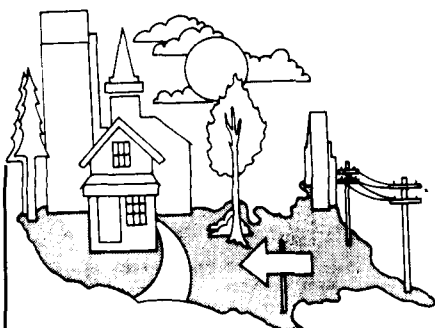
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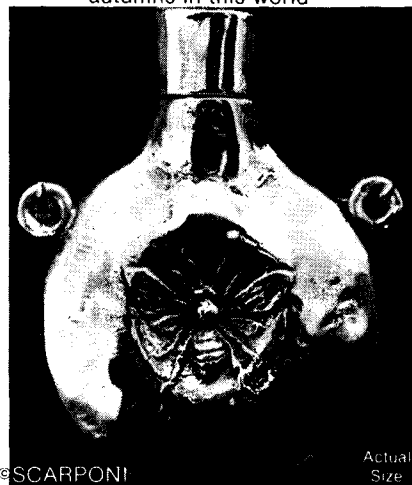
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